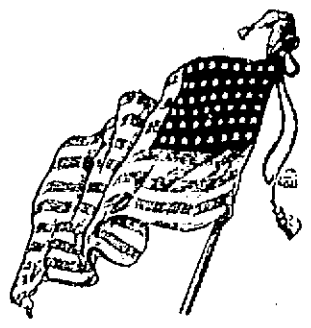


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The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Newport, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1779, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with few exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It has been published continuously for more than a century, and its pages are filled with interesting, reliable, and valuable information. It is a source of news and information for the people of Newport and the surrounding area. The Mercury is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays. It is a member of the New England Newspaper Association and the United States Newspaper Association.

Local Matters.

Business Situation Here.

The order of the Federal fuel administrator suspending all business for a period of five days has caused a sensation and commotion in Newport as well as elsewhere. The exact extent of the order is not understood and merchants and all others interested are in a great quandary as to what they can do. On Thursday every official who seemed likely to have any information as to the situation was interviewed, but little instruction could be obtained. Some pretty strong comment on the action of the fuel administrator was heard everywhere.

The announcement of the order came as a tremendous surprise in Newport as elsewhere, following closely upon a meeting held by the local fuel administrator, Dr. H. P. Beck, to listen to the presentation of the situation by local merchants. At that time no thought of the drastic order was in the air, the men present being exercised over the possibility of compulsory closing on Mondays. About 75 business men were present at the meeting, many different lines of business and different interests being represented, from the largest general merchants to the small dealers who reap their benefits while the larger establishments are closed. There were very few who were satisfied with a plan to close all establishments on a Monday, but the idea of curtailing the hours of business did not strike the majority unfavorably, although they could not agree on the times to be adopted. Some merchants wanted the evening hours for business, some the mornings and some the afternoons.

Hon. Frederick P. Garretson gave a talk on the situation in New York, where, he said, conditions are much worse than they are here. He believed that all should unite in an effort to assist the country in time of need. Incidentally, he found opportunity to conserve a little on light by suggesting that at that meeting daylight instead of artificial light be used by raising the curtains of the council chamber.

After all who wished to speak had had an opportunity to do so, Commissioner Beck announced that no action could be taken by the meeting, other than to express their ideas, as the orders would come from the Federal Fuel Administrator. It is doubtful, however, if even he had any reason to apprehend such a drastic order as followed within a few hours.

The remains of Rev. Thomas P. Grace, formerly of this city, were brought to this city from Providence on Tuesday afternoon, and were taken to St. Mary's church where a service was conducted by Rev. James T. Ward. The interment was in St. Mary's cemetery.

The restaurant keepers of Newport have made an agreement to co-operate in the conservation of food supplies by observing the meatless and wheatless days prescribed by the food administrator.

More Men for Camp Devens.

Another detail of sixteen men will go from Newport into the Federal Army at Camp Devens next Monday morning, to make up for vacancies that have arisen by discharges from the service. They will start for Providence on the first train Monday morning and there will join with the other details from Rhode Island who are to be sent to camp. The men who have been notified to go from Newport are as follows:

Frank W. H. Hansen
George H. Ferrent
Andrew H. Bryer
George S. Peckham
Henry F. Sweeney
Raymond Lawton
Elihu H. Klemm
Patrick W. Dunneavy
Jeremiah O'Brien
Ellsworth L. Holt
John J. Kinsella
Ronald P. O'Hanley
Frederick Andriess
Thomas Smith
Dennis J. Sullivan
James J. Durman

General Assembly

The one topic of conversation at the State House this week has been the fight over the office of High Sheriff of Providence county. Although at the beginning of the week there were several Republican candidates in the field, they were eliminated one by one after the executive committee of the State Central Committee had gone on record in favor of Jonathan Andrews, Jr., of Woonsocket, a Representative in the House from that city. At the caucus of the Republican members from Providence County on Thursday, Mr. Andrews was nominated without opposition.

Much filibustering was done in the House on Thursday to prevent the calling of the grand committee for Friday, and to prevent the acceptance of the resignation of Representative Andrews as a member of the House. Both were finally accomplished, however, and it was expected that Mr. Andrews would be elected on Friday.

Board of Aldermen.

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, several applications for dance licenses on Monday evenings were received and were granted temporarily on condition that they do not interfere with the fuel commission orders. The fuel situation was further brought up by a communication from the local commission calling attention to the fact that city lights are sometimes lighted before dark and are not extinguished until after daylight and suggesting that some means be taken to prevent this waste of fuel. Aldermen Hughes and Ledy were made a committee to look into the matter.

Two bids were received for furnishing \$50,000 to the city in anticipation of taxes, and the award was made to S. N. Bond & Co. at five per cent, plus \$3.50. After some discussion the city clerk was authorized to advertise for bids for bonds for city officers.

The condition of Vanderbilt circle was brought up, and the Mayor is to write to Mr. Reginald Vanderbilt in regard to improvements that he had intended to make there.

The government interference with business of all kinds has made things many times worse than they would have been otherwise. Take the case of sugar for instance; the crop of Cuban sugar is the greatest in the history of that island. Every sugar warehouse in Havana at all shipping points is crowded to its utmost limit with raw sugar. Much of the Cuban sugar is being shipped abroad, because our government has put a limit on the price that should be paid in this country. Let the law of supply and demand regulate and the country would get sugar enough. It is so with all other commodities. Government interference has not helped matters.

Several car loads of hard coal consigned to local dealers have arrived in the city this week, giving a little temporary relief, but no great improvement in the local situation can be hoped for until a few barge loads come in. Coal by rail can only come in small lots, and as the local dealers have no facilities for handling these shipments except to shovel it out by hand into wagons and cart it to their yards, the expense of handling is very much greater than for barge coal. Congressman O'Shaunessy's 2500-ton barge of coal has been lost in obscurity.

The annual meeting of the Amateur Athletic Federation was held on Thursday, when officers were elected as follows:—President, Dr. Norman L. MacLeod; vice president, Joseph J. Kirby; treasurer, Joseph W. Blaine; secretary, Harry F. Cook. The annual report of the secretary showed a busy year.

There is a very strong belief abroad that Newport will become a "bone dry" town before early summer by order of the Government at Washington.

Lieutenant Reynolds Killed.

Lieutenant Sidney D. Reynolds of this city, a grandson of the late Gardner B. Reynolds, was accidentally killed at Camp Devens on Wednesday night, the news of his untimely death coming as a great shock to his many friends in Newport. Mr. Reynolds was a second lieutenant attached to Company K, 394th Infantry, having been commissioned after passing through the first Plattsburg training camp for officers.

Wednesday evening Lieutenant Reynolds and other officers were assembled in the officers' quarters, and some of them were studying the operation of a machine gun equipped with dummy bullets. In some unaccountable way a genuine cartridge became mixed with the others, and the bullet struck Lieutenant Reynolds bringing him to the floor. He was picked up and hurried to the Camp Hospital, but death followed in a few hours. Although a complete investigation of the accident will be made, no blame attaches to the officers who were operating the gun.

Lieutenant Reynolds was a son of Mrs. Gardiner B. Reynolds of this city. He was married a short time ago to Miss Mary Anderson of this city. He leaves several sisters and brothers, among them being Mr. Gardiner B. Reynolds, Jr., the manager of the Sea Side Market.

He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., and of Woonsocket Tribe of Red Men. He was for several years a member of the Newport Artillery, where he received an excellent military training, rising to the rank of sergeant.

School Committee.

At the monthly meeting of the School Committee on Monday evening, steps were taken to open the Rogers High School and the Townsend Industrial School, arrangements having been made to obtain a sufficient supply of coal to carry these buildings along for about a month. It was particularly desired to continue the High School both because of the desire to keep up the college entrance classes and to continue those pupils who are accustomed to go to work as soon as the school year closes. As some of the classes are held in the Townsend building, this was necessary in connection with the High School work.

The committee organized by the election of Thomas B. Congdon as chairman, and Rev. Emory H. Porter, D.D., was elected vice chairman. It was decided to pay the teachers as usual, with the understanding that they shall be required to work later at the end of the year, and also decided that the regular bills for tuition be sent to the county towns. The University Extension was given leave to withdraw its application for the use of the Rogers Assembly Hall for the lecture course.

Colonel Andrew K. McMahon and Messrs. Samuel W. Marsh and Robert C. Cottrell, met with the board of aldermen on Tuesday evening to make suggestions in regard to the proposed plan for improvements to the City Cemetery. The matter was talked over at some length, and the board learned many valuable facts in regard to the care of cemeteries.

Governor R. Livingston Beekman will deliver a talk on his experiences abroad on the French and Belgian fronts before the lodges of St. John's and St. Paul's lodges of Masons in Masonic Hall on Friday evening, February 1st. The committee in charge is making arrangements to serve light refreshments.

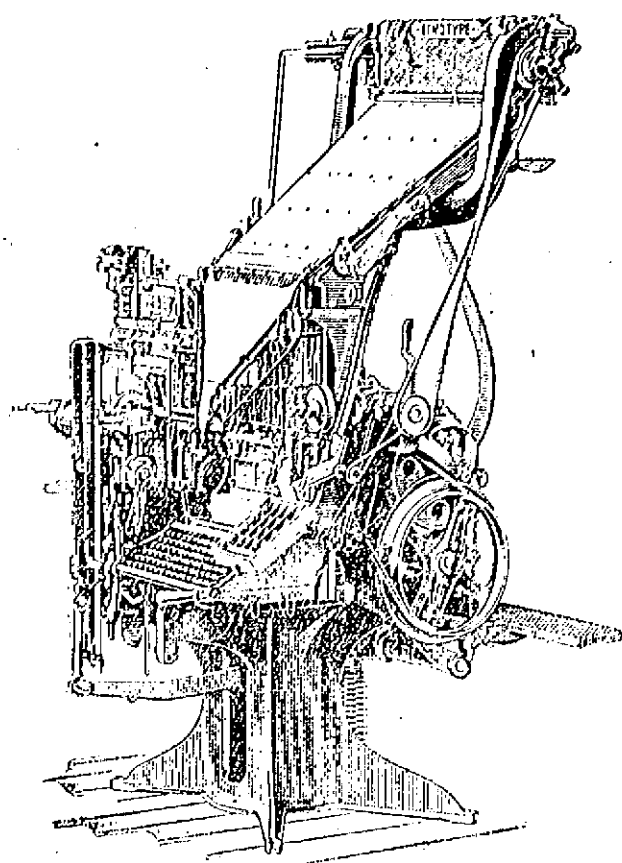
It was currently reported some time ago that a certain wealthy summer resident contemplated the purchase of Codding Point and presenting the whole of it to the Government for an addition to the Training Station. That rumor has been again revived and it begins to look as though it had some foundation in fact.

Mr. Paul T. Christie, a master at St. George's School, delivered an illustrated lecture on "The Turk and the Armenian," before the Unity Club at its regular meeting on Tuesday. Mr. Christie was born in Tarsus and is thoroughly familiar with the Armenian situation.

A young man born in Germany, but who has resided in this country since he was five years old, was arrested by the Federal agents in this city on Monday on a charge of being in the restricted area without a permit. He was employed by a building contractor at the Torpedo Station.

Aquidneck Chapter No. 7, O. E. S., will give another dance at Masonic Hall on Wednesday evening, January 30th. These affairs have proved very popular this winter.

Mr. William S. Rogers states that, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, he has not declined an appointment to serve as a member of the local exemption board.



MODEL L. LINOTYPE
TO BE INSTALLED IN THE MERCURY COMPOSING ROOM

New Linotype on the Way.

The new Linotype ordered some time ago by the Mercury Publishing Company for use in newspaper and book composition has been shipped from the factory in Brooklyn and will probably be set up in a short time. It can't arrive any too soon, as the congestion in this office by reason of large contracts and the scarcity of trained workers is very considerable.

The new machine is the very latest model of the Mergenthaler plant, and is designated as Model L. The well known Model 5 has recently been superseded by this new model which contains many improvements that have been developed since the No. 5 was put on the market some years ago. With the machine are three quick-change magazines which will give facilities for a large range of composition.

Following the elimination of 32 passenger trains announced by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company on January 6, the Company is re-arranging its schedule of trains to relieve further the prevailing pressure incident to war activities. These new schedules will go into effect tomorrow, Sunday. They affect some of the important through trains, but there are no changes scheduled in the Newport trains though there is a strong desire that the late train from Boston be again established.

The committee of 25 of the representative council had a meeting on Wednesday evening, when Mayor Burdick appeared before them and advocated economy in municipal expenditures. The problem of issuing bonds during the year was discussed and it was agreed that the present is a time to be careful as the money market is uncertain because of the great demands of the government for money.

It is said that very extensive improvements are soon to be started on Goat Island, the home of the U. S. Torpedo Station. That department of the Government has considerable money at its disposal and this Congress will appropriate more. Room is to be made and buildings are to be erected that will give employment to several thousand more employees, both men and women.

Mayor Burdick, as chairman of the Newport service flag committee, will present the flags purchased by popular subscription to those entitled thereto at a public meeting in the council chamber of the City Hall on Sunday afternoon, January 27. These flags are of special design peculiar to Newport, and will bear stars for each member of the family in the Federal service.

The Rogers High School was reopened on Wednesday with an increased attendance, and it is hoped that the sessions in this building can now be continued without further interruption. It is planned to re-open the Townsend Industrial School next Monday. The re-opening of the lower grades is still a matter of much uncertainty.

Mr. C. Leroy Grinnell, who was very seriously injured in an automobile accident near Boston a few weeks ago, has returned to his home in this city, and seems to be on the road to complete recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Cowles have gone to French Lick Springs for a few weeks in the hope of improving the health of Mr. Cowles.



MIDDLETOWN

FROM THE BUREAU CORRESPONDENT.
POMONA GRANGE INSTALLATION.

The January meeting of Newport County Pomona Grange was of unusual interest this year, the 221 anniversary not only being especially observed, but the installation, which occurs but once in two years, being conducted by Charles M. Gardner of Westfield, Mass., the High Priest of Demeter of the National Grange, the highest officer in the organization.

The afternoon session at Fair Hall, Tuesday, was devoted mainly to business. Worthy Master of Portsmouth Grange, Jesse I. Duffee, announced that this Grange in planning to celebrate its anniversary February 21, and a cordial invitation is extended all Patrons to attend. An Mr. Duffee's term of office as a director from Pomona to the Newport County Farm Bureau, had expired, he was re-elected for the coming year. The Worthy Lecturer, Mrs. Win. M. Spooner of Middletown, then presented a short program, mostly patriotic, of music, current events, and readings, and in conclusion, Mr. Gardner spoke upon conditions which have arisen through the war, and the great work of reconstruction which our country would be called upon to perform after the war was over. He also spoke of the Grange as a great power and hoped all Granges would plan their coming work along constructive lines, especially in agriculture, for food will be more needed than ever. An appetizing supper was served at 6 o'clock by Mrs. D. Frank Hall, in charge of Messrs. Jesse I. Duffee and L. Lincoln Sherman. The evening session opened at 7:45 with the installation of the officers for 1918-1919. The High Priest of Demeter was assisted in this impressive service by the Past National Flora, Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham of Middletown, his aides having been the secretary of the R. I. State Grange, Mrs. Harold R. Chase of Middletown, who was in charge of the regalia, and Past State Flora, Mrs. Edmund Spooner of East Greenwich, who had the care of the emblems.

The following officers were inducted into office:—Worthy Master, Jesse I. Duffee; Overseer, William Main; Lecturer, County Agent, Lester W. Lloyd; Steward, Abner Lawson; Assistant Steward, Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox; Chaplain, Mrs. Elsie Clark Peckham; Treasurer, William S. Spooner; Secretary, Miss Clover L. Hambley; Gate Keeper, Ferdinand Armstrong; Ceres, Mrs. Jesse I. Duffee; Flora, Passed; Pomona, Mrs. Ferdinand Armstrong; Lady Assistant Steward, Mrs. William T. Wood.

Miss Edna Malone of Portsmouth Grange acted as pianist during the installation.

This was considered one of the finest installations that has ever taken place in this Pomona.

After the officers had been seated, Past Master, Mrs. Wilcox was escorted to the desk of the Worthy Master and decorated with a Past Master's jewel by Mr. L. Lincoln Sherman, who made the gift in behalf of Pomona. Mrs. Wilcox was greatly affected and responded feelingly. She has the unique distinction of being the only woman master in the country to have served a Pomona six consecutive years, during which time she has never missed a meeting. A musical program, both vocal and instrumental, followed the installation, in charge of Mrs. Spooner, the Past Lecturer, and the High Priest of Demeter made a strong address.

In conclusion, Rev. John A. Gardner of Holy Trinity Church, Tiverton, made appropriate remarks.

Upon vote of the Grange \$5.00 will be sent the Red Cross Chapter of Newport for their work.

The Oliphant Club united with Holy Cross Guild on Wednesday in an all-day meeting at the Guild House for Red Cross work. A basket lunch was served.

The meetings of St. Columba's Guild, which have been discontinued since the Christmas sale, will be resumed on Friday at the Berkeley Parish House. Among the special matters to come up for consideration is that of giving up the Sunday evening meetings held here in order to conserve coal. They have been largely attended as the location is very central. Neighborhood meetings are suggested and the matter will be decided this week.

The Paradise Club held a largely attended meeting with Mrs. Wm. Clarence Peckham on Wednesday. Mrs. John Nicholson, the president, conducted a program upon "Brazil." The members were nearly all engaged in knitting for the soldiers. An interesting letter was read from Mrs. Peckham regarding her nephew, Richard Spencer of Boston, who is a member of the American Ambulance Corps in France and who is at present in the hospital suffering from a second attack of nerve shock. Mrs. B.W.H. Peckham will act as hostess on Wednesday next and Mrs. Elsie A. Peckham will conduct a program entitled "Let us give thanks."

Mr. Pascal Conley, formerly operating a blacksmith shop at the west side near Chaseville, has recently taken over the business of Mr. Alfred Carr on Green End Avenue, near Paradise Avenue, and began business on Wednesday. Mr. Carr expects to remove soon to Newport to there take up other work.

Representative Council.

The representative council will meet again next Monday evening pursuant to adjournment at the annual meeting, for the purpose of considering several reports from special committees. The report in which the most general interest is felt is in that on re-organization of the police department, this committee having held several meetings and put much time in the study of the matter. Their report will recommend the establishment of a police commission to be appointed by the Mayor, with authority over the police and power to grant certain licenses.

Another important report is that from the committee on one-way street. This will carry a recommendation that the one-way ordinance be in effect throughout the year, but in November, December, January and February, the hours shall be from 10 a. m. to 6 p. m., and from 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. the rest of the year. Sundays and holidays will be excepted, but on Saturdays the regulations will extend until 9 p. m. In case of emergency, due to heavy snows or other causes, the Mayor will have power to suspend the ordinance.

A large attendance of spectators is expected at the meeting, because of the great general interest in police matters. Considerable free discussion of the local police situation may develop.

Ice Harvesting Progressing.

The recent heavy rains have raised the surface of the water in Easton's Pond so that ice cutting could be carried on. For a long time there has been a good thickness of ice on the pond, but the water was so very low that it could not be harvested and brought up to the runs of the Newport Ice Company until the surface of the water was raised for several feet. As soon as the rains accomplished this, marking out was started and on Monday ice cutting was begun in earnest. A large force of men was assembled at the pond in spite of the adverse labor conditions and work was carried on until well into the evening. The heavy rain of Tuesday interfered with operations for the day, but did not affect the ice and the drop in temperature during the night gave a splendid hard surface again, so that on Wednesday the ice was going into the houses very rapidly. It is about 14 inches thick and of splendid quality so that it accumulates rapidly, fewer cakes being necessary to fill the houses than when the ice is only 6 or 8 inches thick.

Early risers Tuesday morning saw what looked like the beginning of a genuine blizzard, the air being completely filled with a fine dry snow, accompanied by a high wind. Within a few minutes, however, it turned to rain, and continued in torrents for several hours. The walking was abominable, there being much ice partially covered with water. However, the rain finally cleared away most of the ice, and by the time the temperature again dropped in the evening, the walks were pretty free from ice and snow. A heavy gale prevailed all day, and it was one of the wildest of the winter.

The annual inspection of the Newport Artillery Company will take place at the Armory on Thursday evening next. Adjutant-General Charles W. Abbot, Jr., will be the inspecting officer.

Long Live The King

MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

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CHAPTER I.

The Crown Prince Runs Away.

The Crown Prince sat in the royal box and swung his legs. This was hardly princely, but the royal legs did not quite reach the floor from the high crimson velvet seat of his chair.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto was bored. His royal robes, consisting of a pair of blue serge trousers, a short Eton jacket, and a stiff, rolling collar of white linen, irked him.

He had been brought to the opera house under a misapprehension. His aunt, the Archduchess Annunciate, had strongly advocated "The Flying Dutchman," and his English governess, Miss Brathwaite, had read him some inspiring literature about it. So here he was, and the Flying Dutchman was not ghostly at all, nor did it fly. And instead of flying, after dreary hours of singing, it was moved off on creaky rollers by men whose shadows were thrown grotesquely on the sea backing.

The orchestra, assisted by a bass solo and intermittent thunder in the wings, was making a deafening din. One of the shadows on the sea backing took out his handkerchief and wiped his nose.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto looked across at the other royal box, and caught his cousin Hedwig's eye. She also had seen the handkerchief; she took out her own scrap of linen, and mimicked his shadow. Then, Her Royal Highness the Archduchess Annunciate, being occupied with the storm, she winked across at Prince Ferdinand William Otto.

In the opposite box were his two cousins, the Princesses Hedwig and Milde, attended by Hedwig's lady in waiting. Hedwig was eighteen. The crown prince liked Hedwig better than Milde. Although she had been introduced formally to the court at the Christmas eve ball, and had been duly presented by her grandfather, the king, with the usual string of pearls and her own carriage, she still ran off now and then to have tea with the crown prince and Miss Brathwaite in the school room at the palace; and she could eat a great deal of bread and butter.

The crown prince yawned, although it was but the middle of the afternoon. Catching Hedwig's eye, he ran his fingers up through his thick yellow hair and grinned. Hedwig blushed. She had confided to him once, while they were walking in the garden at the summer palace, that she was thinking of being in love with a young lieutenant who was attached to the king's suite. The prince—who was called Otto, for short, by the family, because he actually had eleven names—the prince had been much interested. For some time afterward he had bothered Miss Brathwaite to define being in love, but he had had no really satisfactory answer.

In pursuance of his quest for information, he had grown quite friendly with the young officer, whose name was Larisch, and had finally asked him to ride with him at the royal riding school. The grim old king had granted the request, but it had been quite fruitless so far after all. Lieutenant Larisch only grew quite red as to the ears when love was mentioned, although he appeared not unwilling to hear Hedwig's name.

So now Ferdinand William Otto ran his fingers through his fair hair, which was a favorite gesture of the lieutenant's, and Hedwig blushed. The archduchess, sitting well back, was nodding. Just outside the royal box, on the red velvet sofa, General Mettlich, who was the chamberlain, and had come because he had been invited and stayed outside because he said he liked to hear music, not see it, was sound asleep. His martial bosom, with its gold braid, was rising and falling peacefully. Beside him lay the prince's crown, a small black derby hat.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto considered it all very wearisome. If one could only wander around the corridor or buy a sandwich from the stand at the foot of the great staircase—or, better still, if one could only get to the street, alone, and purchase one of the big women that Miss Brathwaite so despised! The crown prince felt in his pocket, where his week's allowance of pocket money lay comfortably untrouled.

He meditated. He could go out quickly, and be back before they knew it. Even if he only wandered about the corridor, it would stretch his short legs. And outside it was a fine day. It looked already like spring.

With the trepidation of a canary who finds his cage door open, and, hopping to the threshold, surveys the world before venturing to explore it, Prince Ferdinand William Otto rose to his feet, tiptoed past the Archduchess Annunciate, who did not move, and looked around him from the doorway.

He picked up his hat and concealed it by his side. Then hesitantly, as if to stretch his legs by walking ten feet up the corridor and back, he passed the dressing room door. Another moment, and he was out of sight around a bend of the passageway, and before him lay liberty.

Not quiet. At the top of the private staircase reserved for the royal family a guard obviously stood. He had moved a few feet from his post, however, and was watching the stage

through the half-open door of a private

lounge. Prince Ferdinand William Otto passed behind him with outward calmness. At the top of the public staircase, however, he hesitated. Here, everywhere, were black-and-white officials of the opera house. A garden woman stared at him curiously. The little prince looked at the woman with appeal in his eyes. Then, with his heart thumping, he ran past her, down the white marble staircase, to where the great doors promised liberty.

Oiga, the wardrobe woman, came out from behind her counter and stood looking down the marble staircase after the small flying figure.

The old soldier who rented opera glasses at the second landing, and who had left a leg in Bosnia, leaned over the railing. "Look at that!" he exclaimed. "He will break a leg, the young rascal! Once I could have—but there, he is safe! The good God watches over fools and children."

"It looked like the little prince," said the wardrobe woman. "I have seen him often—he has the same bright hair."

But the opera-glass man was not listening. He had drawn a long sausage from one pocket and a roll from the other, and now, reclining to a far window, he stood placidly eating—a bit of sausage, a bit of bread. His mind was in Bosnia, with his leg. And because old Adelbert's mind was in Bosnia, and because one hears with the mind, and not with the ear, he did not hear the sharp question of the sentry who ran down the stairs and passed for a second at the cloak-room. Well for Oiga, too, that old Adelbert did not hear her reply.

"He has not passed here," she said, with wide and honest eyes, but with an air toward old Adelbert. "An old gentleman came a moment ago and got a sandwich, which he had left in his overcoat. Perhaps this is whom you are seeking?"

The sentry cursed, and ran down the staircase, the nails in his shoes striking sharply on the marble.

Oiga of the cloak room leaned over her counter, with her lips curved up in a smile. "The little one!" she thought. "And such courage! He will make a great king! Let him have his prank like the other children, and—God bless him and keep him!"

The crown prince was just a trifle dazzled by the brilliance of his success. He passed for one breathless moment under the porte-cochère of the opera house; then he took a long breath, turned to the left and was at the door, moved up in the street crowd.

He moved very strange to him. Not that he was unaccustomed to crowds. That he not, that very Christmas, gone shopping in the city, accompanied only by one of his tutors and Miss Brathwaite, and bought for his grandfather, the king, a burial wood box, which might hold either neckties or gloves, and for his cousin's silver photograph frame?

But this was different, and for a rather peculiar reason. Prince Ferdinand William Otto had never seen the back of a crowd! The public was always lined up, facing him, smiling and bowing and God-blessing him. Prince Ferdinand William Otto had never known the backs could be so right. It was most interesting.

The next town was full of remarkable things. For one, he dodged behind a street car and was almost run over by a taxicab. The policeman on the corner came out, and taking Ferdinand William Otto by the shoulder, gave him a talking to and a shaking. Ferdinand William Otto was furious, but policy kept him silent; which proved conclusively that the crown prince had not only initiative—witness his flight—but self-control and diplomacy. Lucky country, to have in prospect such a king!

Prince Ferdinand William Otto had the fulfillment of a great desire in his small, active mind. This was nothing less than a ride on the American scenic railroad, which had secured a concession to a far corner of the park. Hedwig's lieutenant had described it to him—how one was taken in a small car to a dizzy height, and then turned loose on a track which dropped glidily and rose again, which hurtled one through sheet-iron tunnels of incredible blackness, thrust one out over a gorge, whirled one in mad curves around corners of precipitous heights, and finally landed one, panting, breathless, shocked, and feeling, but safe, at the very platform where one had purchased one's ticket three eternities before.

As the early spring twilight fell, the gas lamps along the alley, always burning, made a twin row of pale stars ahead. At the end, even as the wanderer gazed, he saw myriads of tiny red, white, and blue lights, rising high in the air, outlining the crags and peaks of the sheet-iron mountain which was his destination. The land of desire was very near!

There came to his ears, too, the occasional rattle that told of some palpitating soul being at that moment hurled and twisted and joyously thrilled, as per the lieutenant's description.

Now it is a strange thing, but true, that one does not reach the land of desire alone; because the half of pleasure is the sharing of it with some one else, and the land of desire, alone,

is not the land of desire at all. Quite suddenly, Prince Ferdinand William Otto discovered that he was lonely. At that moment there was a soft whirling off to one side of him, and a yellow bird, rising and falling erratically on the breeze, circled suddenly and fell at his feet.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto bent down and picked it up. It was a small toy aeroplane, with yellow silk planes, guy ropes of waxed thread, and a wooden rubber. Its motive power rested in a tightly twisted rubber. One of the wings was bent. Ferdinand William Otto straightened it, and looked around for the owner.

A small boy was standing under the next gas lamp. "Here!" he said in English. "Did you see it go that time?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto eyed the stranger. He was about his own age, and was dressed in a short pair of corduroy trousers, much blotted at the knee, a pair of yellow Russian-leather shoes that reached well to his



"Geel Did You See It Go That Time?"

calves, and, over all, a shaggy white sweater, rolling almost to his chin. On the very back of his head he had the smallest cap that Prince Ferdinand William Otto had ever seen.

"This is the best time for flying," he said, in his perfect English. "All the exhibition flights are at sundown."

The boy walked slowly over and stood looking down at him. "You ought to see it fly from the top of Pike's Peak!" he remarked. He had caught sight of the despatcher, and his eyes widened, but with instinctive good breeding he ignored it. "That's Pike's Peak up there."

He indicated the very top of the land of desire. The prince stared up. "How does one get up?" he queried. "Ladders. My father's the manager. He lets me up sometimes."

Prince Ferdinand William Otto stared with new awe at the boy. He found the fact much more remarkable than if the stranger had stated that his father was the king of England. Kings were, as you may say, directly in Prince Ferdinand William Otto's line, but scenic railroads—

"I had thought of taking a journey on it," he said, after a second's reflection. "Do you think your father will sell me a ticket?"

"Billy Grimm will. I'll go with you."

The prince rose with alacrity. Then he stopped. He must, of course, ask the strange boy to be his guest. But two tickets! Perhaps his allowance was not sufficient.

"I must see first how much it costs," he said with alacrity. "The other boy laughed. 'Oh, gee! You can't with me. It won't cost anything,'" said, and led the way toward the lowering lights.

For Bobby Thorpe to bring a small boy to ride with him was an everyday affair. Billy Grimm, at the ticket window, hardly glanced at the boy who stood, trembling with anticipation, in the shadow of the booth.

The car came, and they climbed in. Perhaps, as they moved off, Prince Ferdinand William Otto had a qualm, occasioned by the remembrance of the English child who had met an untimely end; but if he did, he pluckily hid it.

"Put your lid on the floor of the car," said Bobby Thorpe, depositing his own atop there. "Father says, if you do that, you're perfectly safe."

Prince Ferdinand William Otto divined that this referred to his hat, and drew a small breath of relief. And then they were off, up an endless, creaking roadway, where at the top the car being for a breathless second over the gulf below, then, fairly launched, out on a trestle, with the city far beneath them, and only the red, white, and blue lights for company; and into a tunnel, filled with moaning noises and swift-moving shadows. Then came the end of all things—a flying leap down, a heart-breaking, delicious thrill, an upward sweep just as the strain was too great for endurance.

Above the roaring of the wind in their ears, neither child had heard the flying feet of a dozen horses coming down the alley. They never knew that a last-year young lieutenant, white-lipped with fear, had checked his horse to its haunches at the ticket booth, and demanded to know who was in the land of desire.

"Only the son of the manager, and a boy friend of his," replied Billy Grimm, in what he called the lingo of the country. "What's wrong? Lost anybody?"

But Hedwig's lieutenant had whirled his horse without a word, and, jumping him over the hedge of the alley, was off in a despairing search of the outskirts of the park, followed by his

caravan.

down for the despatcher hat.

"Would you like to go around again?" asked Bobby, quite casually. His highness gazed at him. "If --if you would be so kind!" he said. And at the kindly wave of Bobby's hand, the car moved on.

CHAPTER II.

Disgraced.

At eight o'clock that evening the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto approached the palace through the public square. He approached it slowly, for two reasons. First, he did not want to go back. Second, he was rather frightened. He had an idea that they would be disgraceful.

There seemed to be a great deal going on at the palace. Carriages were rolling in under the stone archway, and, having discharged their contents, mostly gentlemen in uniform, were moving off with a thundering of hoofs that reached from the vaulted roof of the entrance. All the lights were on in the wing where his grandfather, the king, lived alone. As his grandfather hated lights, and went to bed early, Prince Ferdinand William Otto was slightly puzzled.

He was very dirty. His august face was streaked with soot, and his august hands likewise. His small derby hat was carefully placed on the very back of his head at the night of the American boy's cap. As his collar had scratched his neck, he had, at Bobby's suggestion, taken it off and rolled it up. He decided, as he waited in the square, to put it on again. Miss Brathwaite was very peculiar about collars.

Came a full in the line of carriages. Prince Ferdinand William Otto took a long breath and started forward. As he advanced he stuck his hands in his pockets and swaggered a little. It was, as nearly as possible, an exact imitation of Bobby Thorpe's walk. And to keep up his courage, he quoted that young gentleman's farewell speech to himself: "What'd you care? They won't eat you, will they?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto stood in the shadows and glanced across. The sentries stood like wooden men, but something was wrong in the court yard inside. The guards were all standing, and there seemed to be a great many of them. And just as he had made up his mind to take the plunge, so to speak, a part of his own regiment of cavalry came out from the court yard with a thundering of hoofs, wheeled at the street, and clattered off.

Very unusual, all of it. The Crown Prince Ferdinand Otto felt in his pocket for his handkerchief, and, moistening a corner with his tongue, wiped his face. Then he wiped his shoes. Then, with his hands in his trousers pockets, he sauntered into the light.

The two sentries made no sign when they saw Ferdinand William Otto approaching. But one of them forgot to bring his moustache to salute. He crossed himself instead. And something strained around the other sentry's lower jaw suddenly relaxed into a smile as his royal highness drew a hand from his refuge and saluted. He glanced at one, then at the other, rather sheepishly, hesitated between them, clapped his hat on more securely, and watched in.

"The young rascal!" said the second sentry to himself. And by turning his head slightly—for a sentry learns to see all around like a horse, without twisting his neck—he watched the runaway into the palace.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto went up the stone staircase. Here and there he passed guards who stared and saluted. Had he not been obsessed with the vision of Miss Brathwaite, he would have known that relief followed in his wake. Messengers clattered down the staircase to the court yard. Other messengers, breathless and eager, flew to that lighted wing where the council sat, and where the old king, propped up in bed, waited and fidgeted terror.

His eyes, weary with many years of ruling, of disappointments and bitterness, roved the room. They came to rest at last on the photograph of a young man, which stood on his bedside table.

He was a very young man, in a uniform. He was boyish, and smiling. There was a dog beside him, and its head was on his knee. Wherever one stood in the room, the eyes of the photograph gazed at one. The king knew this, and because he was quite old, and because there were few people to whom a king dares to speak his inmost thoughts, he frequently spoke to the photograph. The older he grew, the more he felt, sometimes, as though it knew what he said.

"If they've got him," he said now to the picture, "it is out of my hands, and into yours, my boy."

Much of his life had been spent in waiting, in waiting for a son, in waiting for that son to grow to be a man, in waiting while that son in his turn loved and married and begot a man-child, in waiting, when that son had died a violent death, for the time when his third hands could relinquish the scepter to his grandchild.

Quite suddenly the door opened. The old man turned his head. Just inside stood a very dirty small boy.

The Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto was most terribly frightened. Everything was at stress and sever. Miss Brathwaite had been crying her head off, and on seeing him had fallen in a faint. Not that he thought it was a real faint. He had unmistakably seen her eyelids quiver.

And when she came to she had ordered him no supper, and four pages of German translation, and to go to bed at seven o'clock instead of seven-thirty for a week. All the time crying, too. And then she had sent him to his grandfather, and taken aromatic ammonia.

His grandfather said nothing, but looked at him.

"Here—here I am, sir," said the crown prince from the door.

The king drew a long breath. But the silence persisted. Prince Ferdinand William Otto further rubbed



"Here I Am, Sir," said the Crown Prince.

a dusty elbow against the back of a

trousers leg. "I'm afraid I'm not very neat, sir," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, and took a step forward. Until his grandfather commanded him, he could not advance into the room. "Come here," said the king. He went to the side of the bed. "Where have you been?"

"I'm afraid—I ran away, sir."

"Why?" Prince Ferdinand William Otto considered. It was rather an awful moment. "I don't exactly know. I just thought I would."

You see, it was really extremely difficult. To say that he was tired of things as they were would sound ungrateful. Would, indeed, he most impolitely. And then, exactly why had he run away?

"Suppose," said the king, "you draw up a chair and tell me about it. We'd better talk it over, I think."

His royal highness drew up a chair, and sat on it. His feet not reaching the floor, he hooked them around the chair rung. This was permissible because, first, the king could not see them from his bed. Second, it kept his knees from shaking.

"Probably you are aware," said the king, "that you have alarmed a great many people."

"I'm sorry, sir. I didn't think—"

"A prince's duty is to think. Where did you go?"

"To the park, sir. I—I thought I'd like to see the park by myself. It's very hard to enjoy things with Miss Brathwaite, sir. She does not really enjoy the things I like. Nobby and I—"

"By 'Nobby' you mean Lieutenant Larisch?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go on."

"We like the same things, sir—the Pike's Peak-or-Bust, and all that."

The king raised himself on his elbow. "What was that?" he demanded. Prince Ferdinand William Otto blushed, and explained. It was Bobby's name for the peak at the top of the scenic railway. He had been on the railway. He had been—his enthusiasm carried him away. His cheeks flushed. He sat forward on the edge of his chair, and gesticulated.

"I was awfully happy, sir," he ended. "It feels like flying, only safer. And the lights are pretty. It's like fairyland. There were two or three times when it seemed as if we'd turn over, or leap the track. But we didn't."

The king lay back and thought. More than anything in the world he loved this boy. But the occasion demanded a strong hand. "You were happy," he said. "You were disobedient, you were causing grave anxiety and distress—and you were happy! The first duty of a prince is to his country. His first lesson is to obey laws. He must always obey certain laws. A king is but the servant of his people. Some day you will be the king. You are being trained for that high office now. And yet you would set the example of insubordination, disobedience, and reckless disregard of the feelings of others."

"Yes, sir," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, feeling very small and ashamed.

"Not only that. You slipped away. You did not go openly. You sneaked off, like a thief. Are you proud of it?"

"No, sir."

"I shall," said the king, "require no promise from you. Promises are poor things to hold to. I leave this matter in your own hands, Otto. You will be punished by Miss Brathwaite, and for the next ten days you will not visit me. You may go now."

Otto got off his chair. He was feeling exceedingly crushed. "Good night, sir," he said. And waited for his grandfather to extend his hand. But the old king lay looking straight ahead, with his mouth set in grim lines, and his hands folded over his breast.

At the door the crown prince turned and bowed. His grandfather's eyes were fixed on the two gold eagles over the door, but the photograph on the table appeared to be smiling at him.

Until late that night General Mettlich and the king talked together. The king had been lifted from his bed and sat propped in a great chair. Above his shabby dressing gown he wore a

showed gaunt and old. In a straight chair facing him sat his old friend and

that no protection is enough. When I, who lose the bed, and would—when I could sleep, and let him get away, as I did—"

"The truth is," said the king, "we are both of us getting old." He tapped with his gaunt fingers on the blanket that lay over his knees. "The truth is also," he observed a moment later, "that the boy has very few pleasures. He is alone a great deal."

General Mettlich raised his shaggy head. Many years of wearing a soldier's cap had not injured his heavy gray hair. He had blotchy eyebrows, white now, and a short, beaming mustache. When he was irritated, or disagreed with any one, his eyebrows came down and the mustache would up.

Many years of association with his king had given him the right to talk to him as man to man. They even quarreled now and then. It was a brave man who would quarrel with old Ferdinand II.

So now his eyebrows came down and his mustache went up. "How—alone, sir?"

"You do not regard that bigoted English woman as a companion, do you?"

"She is a thoughtful and conscientious woman, sir," he said stiffly. It happened that he had selected her. "She does her duty. And as to the boy being lonely, he has no time to be lonely. His tutors—"

"How old is he?"

"Ten next month."

The king said nothing for a time. Then—"It is hard," he said at last, "for seventy-four to see with the eyes of ten. As for his afternoon—why in the name of a thousand devils did they take him to see the 'Flying Dutchman'? I detect it."

"Annunciate is a fool," said his majesty. Then, dismissing his daughter with a gesture, "We don't know how."



"We Shall Do Well, Sir, to Raise the Boy at All!"

to raise our children here," he said impatiently. "The English do better. And even the Germans—"

It is not etiquette to lower one's eyebrows at a king and glare. But General Mettlich did it. He was rather a poor subject. "The Germans have not our problem, sir," he said, and smelt on his mustache.

"I'm not going to raise the boy a prisoner," insisted the king stubbornly.

General Mettlich bent forward and placed a hand on the old man's knee. "We shall do well, sir," he said gravely, "to raise the boy at all."

There was a short silence, which the king broke. "What is new?"

"We have broken up the university meetings, but I fancy they go on, in small groups. I was gratified, however, to observe that a group of students cheered his royal highness yesterday as he rode past the university buildings. The outlying districts are quiet. So, too, is the city. Too quiet, sir."

"They are waiting, of course, for my death," said the king quietly. "If only you were twenty years younger than I am, it would be better." He fixed the general with shrewd eyes. "What do those asses of doctors say about me?"

"Even at the best, sir—" He looked very ferocious, and cleared his throat. He was terribly ashamed that his voice was breaking. "Even at the best, but of course they can only give an opinion—"

"Six months?"

"A year, sir."

"And at the worst?" said the king, with a grim smile. Then, following his own line of thought: "But the people love the boy, I think."

"They do. It is for that reason, sir, that I advise particular caution," he hesitated. Then, "Sir," he said earnestly, "there is something of which I must speak. The Committee of Ten has organized again."

Involuntarily the king glanced at the photograph on the table.

"Forgive me, sir, if I waken bitter memories. But I fear—"

"You fear!" said the king. "Since when have you taken to fearing?"

"Nevertheless," maintained General Mettlich doggedly, "I fear. This quilt of the last few months alarms me. Dangerous dogs do not bark. I trust to me. The very air is full of sedition."

The king twisted his blue velvet of hands together, but his voice was quiet. "But why?" he demanded, almost frostily. "If the people of land of the boy and I think they are to be kept off, or injured, or

to be kept off, or injured, or

A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven. Finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

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Leave New York for Fall River, Hartford and Boston week days, 5:00, 6:00, 8:15, 9:00, 11:00 a.m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:45, 7:15, 8:15 p.m. Sunday Leave New York 5:00, 7:00, 11:00 a.m., 3:15, 5:45, 8:15 p.m.
Fall River and Hartford—5:00, 5:45, 6:00, 11:00 a.m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:45, 7:15, 8:15 p.m.
Hartford—5:00, 5:45, 6:00, 11:00 a.m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:45, 7:15, 8:15 p.m.
Boston—5:00, 5:45, 6:00, 11:00 a.m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:45, 7:15, 8:15 p.m.
Providence—5:00, 5:45, 6:00, 11:00 a.m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:45, 7:15, 8:15 p.m.
New Bedford—5:00, 5:45, 6:00, 11:00 a.m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:45, 7:15, 8:15 p.m.
Providence—5:00, 5:45, 6:00, 11:00 a.m., 1:15, 3:15, 5:45, 7:15, 8:15 p.m.
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Sea Coast Sand Binder.

Californians say there is no sea coast sand binder that surpasses in effectiveness *Ammophila arenaria*, sea bent grass. It has done more to hold the shifting dunes of Golden Gate park, San Francisco, than any other agency.

Idolatry on the Decline.

It is becoming a custom among non-Christian Chinese of Borneo to go to the Methodist chapel for their marriage ceremony. Because of the influence of the mission, idolatry among them has practically ceased.

Concrete Railroad Tie.

Italian steam and street railroads are experimenting with a concrete tie that rocks slightly, affording uniform elasticity and a more perfect alignment of track than wooden ties.

LONG LIVE THE KING

Continued from page 2.

You have ruled with a strong hand. Our people know nothing but to obey the dominant voice. The boy out of the way, the prospect of the Princess Hedwig on the throne, a few demagogues in the public squares—it would be the end."

"The king leaned back and closed his eyes. His thin, arched nose looked pinched. His face was gray.

"All this," he said, "means what? To make the boy a prisoner, to cut off his few pleasures, and even then, at any time?"

"Yes, sire," said Mettlich doggedly. "At any time."

All through the palace people were sleeping. Prince Ferdinand William Otto was asleep, and riding again the little car in the land of delight. So that, turning a corner sharply, he almost fell out of bed.

On the other side of the city the little American boy was asleep also. At that exact time he was being tucked up by an entirely efficient and pinch-eyed American mother, who felt under his head to see that his ear was not turned forward. She liked close-fitting ears.

Nobody, naturally, was looking up Prince Ferdinand William Otto. Of attending to his ears. But, of course, there were sentries outside his door, and a valet de chambre to be rung for, and a number of embowered eunuchs scattered about on the curtilage and things, and a country surrounding him which would one day be his, unless—

"At any time," said General Mettlich, and was grimly silent.

"Well?" inquired the king, after a pause. "You have something to suggest, I take it?"

The old soldier cleared his throat. "Sire," he began, "it is said that a chamberlain should have but one passion, his king. I have two, my king and my country."

The king nodded gravely. He knew both passions, relied on both. And found them both a bit troublesome at times.

"Once, some years ago, sire, I came to you with a plan. The Princess Hedwig was a child then, and his late royal highness was still with us. For that, and for other reasons, your majesty refused to listen. But things have changed. Between us and revolution there stand only the frail life of a boy and an army none too large, and already, perhaps, affected. There is much discontent, and the offspring of discontent is anarchy."

The king smiled. But Mettlich had taken his courage in his hands, and went on. Their neighbor and hereditary foe was Karula. Could they any longer afford the enmity of Karula? One cause of discontent was the expense of the army, and of the fortifications along the Karulan border. If Karula were allied with them, there would be no need of so great an army. They had the mineral wealth, and Karula the seaports. The old dream of the empire, of a railway to the sea, would be realized.

He pleaded well. The idea was not new. To place the little King Otto IX on the throne and keep him there in the face of opposition would require support from outside. Karula would furnish this support. For a price.

The price was the Princess Hedwig.

"That is my plan, sire," Mettlich finished. "Karl of Karula is anxious to marry, and looks this way. To abate discontent and growing insurrection, to insure the boy's safety and his throne, to beat our swords into ploughshares"—here he caught the king's frown, and added—"to a certain extent, and to make us a commercial as well as a military nation, sire, it gains much for us, and loses us nothing."

"But our independence?" said the king sourly.

However, he did not dismiss the idea. "The fright of the afternoon had weakened him, and if Mettlich were right the royalist party would need outside help to maintain the throne."

"Karula!" he said. "The lion and the lamb, with the lamb inside the lion! And in the meantime the boy—"

"He should be watched always."

"He has Lussin." Count Lussin was the crown prince's aide-de-camp.

"He needs a man, sire," observed the chamberlain rather tartly.

The king cleared his throat. "This youngster he is so fond of, young Larisch, would he please you better?" he asked, with ironic deference.

"A good boy, sire. You may recall that his mother—" He stopped.

Perhaps the old king's memory was good. Perhaps there was a change in Mettlich's voice.

"A good boy?"

"None better, sire. He is devoted to his royal highness. He is outside now."

"Bring him in. I'll have a look at him."

Nicky, summoned by a chamberlain, stopped inside the doorway and bowed deeply.

"Come here," said the king. He advanced.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three, sire."

"In the grenadiers, I believe."

Nicky bowed.

"Like horses?" said the king suddenly.

"Very much, sire."

"And boys?"

"I—some boys, sire."

"Humph! Quite right, too. Little devils, most of them." He drew himself up in his chair. "Lieutenant Larisch," he said, "His royal highness the crown prince has taken a liking to you. I believe it is to you that our bright future lies."

Nicky's heart thumped. He went rather pale.

"It is my intention, Lieutenant Larisch, to place the crown prince in your personal charge. For reasons I need not go into, it is imperative that he take no more excursions alone. I want a real friend for the little crown prince. One who is both brave and loyal."

Afterward, in his small room, Nicky composed a neat, well-rounded speech, in which he expressed his loyalty, gratitude, and undying devotion to the crown prince. It was an elegant little speech. Unluckily, the occasion for it had gone by two hours.

"I—I am grateful, sire," was what he said. "I— And there he stopped and choked up. It was rather dreadful.

"I depend on you, Captain Larisch," said the king gravely, and nodded his head in a gesture of dismissal.

Nicky backed toward the door, struck a hussack, all but went down, bowed again at the door, and fled.

"A fine lad," said General Mettlich, "but no talker."

"All the better," replied his majesty. "I am tired of men who talk well. And"—he smiled faintly—"I am tired of you. You talk too well. You make me think. I don't want to think. I've been thinking all my life. It is time to rest, my friend."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The KITCHEN CABINET

And this is the Truth as I see it: Whoever cries out for peace, Must think it and live it and do it. And the wars of the world will cease.

MORE GOOD THINGS.

Peanut butter is an invaluable food, all ready to use, and new ways to combine it are springing up every day.

Peanut Butter Soup.—Take three tablespoonsful of peanut butter, add a tablespoonful of flour, and stir over the heat until well blended, then add

a little cold milk until smooth, and then a pint of scalded milk which has been seasoned with a slice of onion, salt and paprika to taste. When hot serve with toasted crackers or croutons.

Peanut Butter Biscuits.—Roll out (rather than a nice biscuit dough, spread with peanut butter, roll up, cut in pin-wheel rolls and put to bake in a well greased dripping pan. Sprinkle the biscuits with a little brown sugar if desired or bake plain. For an emergency sandwich when on a trip, two slices of sweet chocolate put together with peanut butter makes a most satisfying meal.

Luncheon Salad.—A slice of tomato on a headletter, a few tips of asparagus, and over all a sprinkling of cream cheese put through a sieve or ricer. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Oatmeal Muffins.—Melt four tablespoonsful of butter in a cupful of warm, cooked oatmeal, sift together a fourth of a cupful of sugar, a cupful of flour, four teaspoonsful of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt, add the oatmeal, one egg beaten light, and a half cupful of milk. Mix thoroughly and bake in hot well-buttered iron pans for 25 minutes.

Orange Jelly.—Cut two oranges and one lemon in quarters, then cut each quarter into thin slices, there will be a pint of fruit, over this pour three pints of water and let stand over night. The next day let it cook until the peel is very tender, then drip through a jelly bag, pressing out all the juice. Add two and a half cupsful of hot sugar and cook until a jelly is formed. This will make three glasses. Add the peel to one and a half cupsful of sugar and a fourth of a cupful of water, stir until all the sugar is absorbed. This may be used for various puddings and as a garnish as well as a flavor for cake.

Nellie Maxwell

Naval Cadet Slang.

"For certain slang expressions used by the Annapolis cadets," writes Julian Street in his new travel book, "American Adventures." "I am indebted to a member of the corps. From this admiral-to-be I learn that a 'bird' or 'wazzo' is a man or boy; that 'steam' is marine engineering, and to be 'billed for juice' is to fail in examination in electrical engineering; to get an 'unsuit,' or unsatisfactory mark; or even a 'zip' or 'swabo,' which is a zero. Cadets do not escort girls to dances, but 'drag' them; a girl is a 'drag' and a 'heavy drag' or 'lick' is an unattractive girl who must be taken to a dance. A 'sleuth' or 'blenny' is a night watchman, and to be 'rugged' is to be caught. Mess-hall waiters are sometimes called 'nooks,' while at other times the names of certain exalted dignitaries of the navy department or of the academy are applied to them."

Passing of London Landmark.

Another fine old London landmark, St. Olave's church, in Southwark, is to be closed. It derives its name from Olaf, the Christian Viking of whom Longfellow sings in stirring strain, writes a London correspondent. But England possesses churches with Danish associations of a different kind. When these pagan sea rovers invaded England and were caught, the ancient English used piously to flay them and nail their skins to their church doors. In the College of Surgeons are three grim relics of the sort, one taken from a church at Hadstock, Essex; a second from Copford in the same county, and a third from the north door of Worcester cathedral.

The American Soldier.

The American public as a whole does not appreciate the admirable qualities of the American regular. It does not realize his devotion to the service, his stern code of honor, or his high standard of intelligence, asserts the Brooklyn Eagle. Every American soldier today carries "a field marshal's haton in his knapsack," to use a Napoleonic phrase. He has only himself to blame if he does not win all the honors promised him at the recruiting station at which he enlists.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

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Chas. H. Fletcher. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-goods" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age in its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years

The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CHATTAUGU COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Burroughs Statement Machine

The Burroughs Statement Machine prints Months, Dates, "Dr.," "Cr.," "Bal.," makes carbon copies, etc.

It can be furnished in the visible printing style of machine—or with the famous Duplex feature, for storing away balances and giving automatic total of all statements sent out.

It insures accuracy in every statement and sends them out on time.

When your Statements are out it can be used the balance of the month on all your figure work—making complete, accurate records possible.

No cost or obligation to try it out in your own office or store, on your own work.

Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

FRED FAYOR, Sales Manager, 17 Union House St., Providence, R. I.

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LOOSE LEAF BINDERS

We handle the famous I-P Line of Loose Leaf Binders and Forms. You've seen them advertised in the Saturday Evening Post and other publications.

100 LOOSE LEAF DEVICES AND FORMS FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND FOR EVERY BUSINESS.

Ring Binders, Post Binders (Sectional and Whole), Spring Back Holders, and Patent Steel Ledgers.

MERCURY PUB. CO., 152 THAMES ST.

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It circulates amongst the

Leading Investors of the Country

Write today for sample copy

Published morning and evening

Kilby St., Boston

WORTH KNOWING.

He who always receives and never gives acquiesces, as a matter of course, a narrow, contracted, selfish character. His soul has no expansion, no benevolent impulses, no elevation of aim. He learns to feel and think and care only for himself.

SEA COAST SAND BINDER.

Californians say there is no sea coast sand binder that surpasses in effectiveness *Ammophila arenaria*, sea bent grass. It has done more to hold the shifting dunes of Golden Gate park, San Francisco, than any other agency.

IDOLATRY ON THE DECLINE.

It is becoming a custom among non-Christian Chinese of Borneo to go to the Methodist chapel for their marriage ceremony. Because of the influence of the mission, idolatry among them has practically ceased.

CONCRETE RAILROAD TIE.

Italian steam and street railroads are experimenting with a concrete tie that rocks slightly, affording uniform elasticity and a more perfect alignment of track than wooden ties.

JAMES P. TAYLOR,

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Thames Street,

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Special Bargains!

Full and Winter Wearings.

Comparing the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 10 percent less than our regular prices. The goods in order to make room for our spring and summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. A guarantee for money back if you are not satisfied.

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NEW HOME

"I'll get it for my wife"

NO OTHER LIKE IT.

NO OTHER AS GOOD.

Perfect are the "NEW HOME" machines. They will have a life span of 20 years. They are made of the best material and are guaranteed to give the best quality of work for the longest time.

WARRANTED FOR ALL TIME.

THE NEW HOME MACHINE CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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NOTICE

OFFICE OF

ORCHARD TOPICS

CHOOSING SITE FOR ORCHARD

Great Caution Should Be Exercised In Selecting Location—Soil Is Most Important.

A person planning to set out an orchard in the future should exercise great caution in choosing the site, because his success depends largely upon it. The first thing to consider is the soil. He should examine both the surface and the subsoil as to the goodness and the ease of working and fertility. He should examine the surface and the subsoil.

Another important point that few people consider is the air drainage. If the orchard is at the foot of a long slope it is more liable to frost damage. It is also important which way the orchard slopes. If it is so the sun can shine directly upon it in the early morning the frost is apt to do more injury. The slope also has much to do with the coloring and ripening of the fruit. The land should not slope toward the prevailing wind because the winds will do the trees much injury.

Not the least importance are the windbreaks. Do not select a site where cedar trees are near, as they harbor the apple rust. You also must consider who owns it, because your neighbor may not choose to leave it there. If a prospective orchardist will consider these points carefully he is sure of success as far as site is concerned.

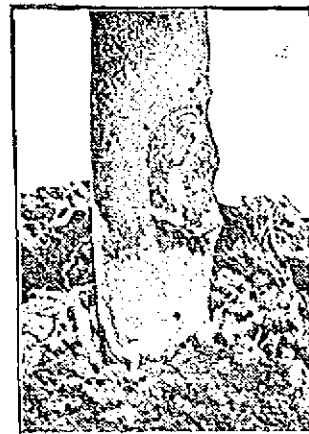
BORERS HARM APPLE TREES

If Round-Headed Variety Is Not Destroyed at Once They Often Destroy Tree Entirely.

(By C. F. NIVEN, Clemson Agricultural College.)

The borers rank among the most destructive enemies of the apple trees. There are two classes of them, the round-headed borer, which works at the base of the tree, and the flat-headed, which works well up on the trunk and in the crotches of large limbs.

Round-Headed Borer.—The presence of this insect is usually detected at the base of the tree by the little pile of sawdust castings thrown out from an opening through the bark into its burrow. Often, several borers can be found in one tree. This borer works near the base of the trunk, burrowing up and down, often going below the surface of the soil. The burrow begins in the bark and sap wood, but soon extends for several inches into the solid wood, often reaching the



Castings of Round-Headed Borer.

heart of small trees. If the borers are not destroyed they often become so numerous as to destroy the tree entirely.

Flat-Headed Borer.—This insect is found on the upper portion of the trunk of the tree and in the crotch of large limbs. While the damage done by it is sometimes very great, yet it is hardly so destructive as the round-headed borer. This borer does not go so deep as the round-headed, yet it sometimes girdles a limb and even the trunk. Healthy trees are rarely attacked by this borer. Therefore farmers who are careful with their trees need not fear it to any great extent.

MICE INJURE FRUIT TREES

Excellent Hiding Place Afforded by Piling Loose Soil Around Base—Keep It Smooth.

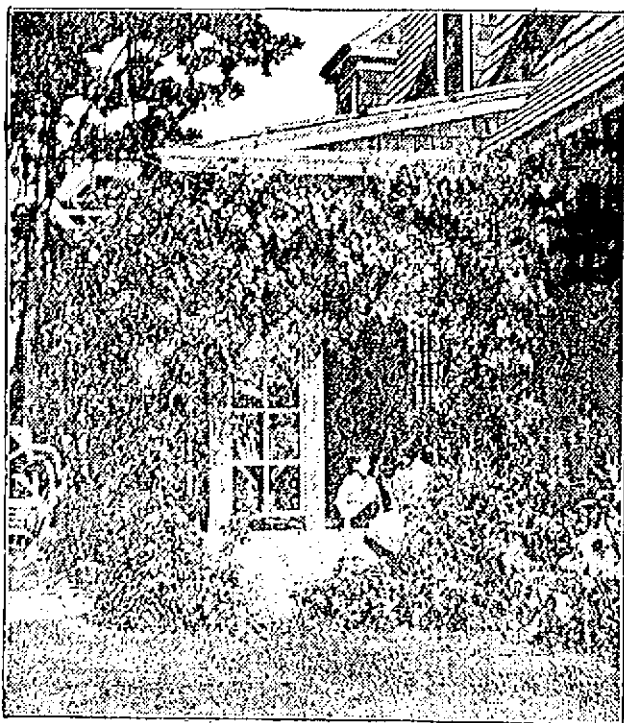
Mice are likely to make nests around the trunks of trees, provided they have loose material at the base of the trees in which to make a nest. If the young orchard is plowed, the loose soil turned up against the base of the trees makes an excellent hiding place for mice. Soil ought to be scraped bare and smooth around the base of the trees so no loose soil, weeds, grass, or litter can collect and enable the mice to nest close to the trunks where they will eat through the growing layer thus girdling the tree. This precaution should be taken whether wrappers are used or not, as mice frequently burrow in beneath the wrappers. If the soil is loose, and find shelter behind the wrapper.

Copperas. Copperas is an iron compound, and contains no copper.

Application of Reason. It is by reasoning that we arrive at the reason of things.

The HOME BEAUTIFUL

Flowers and Shrubbery and Their Care and Cultivation.



The Rambler, Which Grows So Effectually on This Home Porch, Would Be as Attractive on a School Porch.

EASY TO GROW FLOWERS AND SHRUBS.

Why should not the playground at school be made one of the beautiful places of the school district? Here the children spend most of their waking hours, more during the school hours than at home. These hours of study and play mean much more when their surroundings are conducive to putting forth their best efforts.

The green leaves of the spring, the colored foliage of the fall, the sunnys, asters and goldenrods, all add something to creating a more cheerful spirit.

This is the day of popular education. Every condition that will be most favorable to all should be provided if within means. In most cases these things which have most real beauty to commend them can be acquired with the least pecuniary expense.

Why does it cost to plant a tree or a shrub? How expensive is it to set out a flower? Very little time need be taken to clean up a schoolyard if there are willing hands.

Every boy and girl can be made willing to help there are always patrons who are willing to assist if they know what you want done.

A country schoolhouse in western Ohio had bush roses, japonicas, flowering quince, snowballs, sweet clover, bridalwreath, etc., set in masses in the corners and near the sides so that the playground was not encroached upon.

Those which do not grow very high are set in front. The hardy hydrangea and trumpet-vine are suitable for spring planting; they should be on every school ground.

Near the front porch of the school (if the school boasts a porch), or near the schoolhouse on a trellis have crimson or the Dorothy Perkins ramblers. Plant hardy clematis near the fences. To hide the foundations plant several hundreds of tulips and hyacinths and have plenty of crocuses peeping through the grass.

All that is necessary to do work of this kind is to arouse a little interest among the children and patrons. The war gardens of last year have demonstrated how eagerly the children fill in with the plans of their elders and how successful they can be in this particular line of endeavor.

The children should be permitted to do most of the work, because it is a joy to a child to know that he has assisted in doing good work.

The tulip and hyacinth bulbs should be planted six inches deep and about three or four inches apart. They

might be planted eight or ten inches deep if the soil had been loose.

After blossoming, tulips can be cut off and geraniums or coleus can be planted for the summer in the same ground. After frost, tulips and hyacinths should remain in the ground over winter to be ready for the spring blossoming.

Are fences necessary to protect the plants? Not at all. Public sentiment will protect a flower if the public, through its children, helped in the planting. Yes, there is an exceptional indifferent one now and then, but the public that has a beautiful school ground and has experienced a new feeling because of it will take care of the indifferent one.

BEAUTIFUL COLOR EFFECTS IN HEDGES

By L. M. BENNINGTON.

One of the most beautiful hedges is made by planting scarlet salvia in a row as a background, then a row of white nicotiana, with blue ageratum as a border. In this combination we get our palette colors. While the vivid blue of the ageratum and the flaming scarlet of the salvia would be anything but a pleasing note if planted next each other the intervening white nicotiana softens and blends the colors until the effect is a thing of beauty.

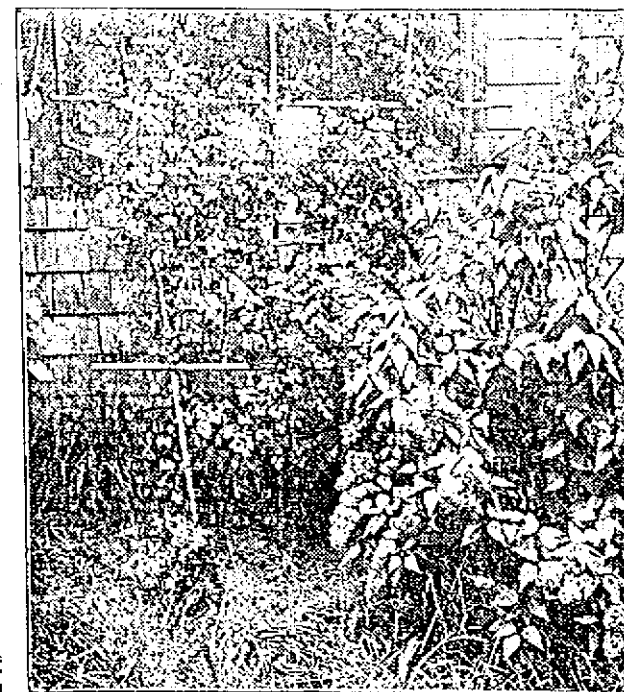
Zinnias, calliopsis and white phlox is another effective combination for hedges or mass planting. Plant the zinnias in the back row, then the calliopsis and let white phlox form the border.

Ricinus makes a splendid plant for hedges. It grows to the height of seven or eight feet, with huge coppery leaves. This plant is also effective as a screen or used in the center of circular beds, where its rich tropical foliage if combined with harmonious plants is a thing of beauty.

The seed is tender and should not be put into the ground until all danger from frost is past. In planting for hedges use nasturtiums, zinnias or calliopsis in front of it.

Use whale oil soap and kerosene emulsion for the San Jose scale on tree or shrub. This emulsion may be well diluted and used on soft wooded plants to rid them of plant lice, mealy bugs, etc.

Trunks of young fruit trees should be wrapped so as to prevent the rabbits from gnawing off the bark.



Fine Support for Vines Over the Window.

Highest City in Europe. In point of geographical elevation Madrid is the highest city in Europe.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Ridicule and Humor.

The chief difference between ridicule and genuine humor is that ridicule is cruel and humor is kind. Ridicule shows lack of understanding and consequent lack of tolerance. Humor, by means of understanding, becomes tolerant. The really great humorists are great humanitarians.—Exchange.

POULTRY

WHITE LEGHORNS FOR SHOW

Main Points Are That Fowls Should Be Snow White, Free From Color Foreign to Variety.

In exhibiting Leghorns the main points are that the birds should be white—that is to say, snow white, with due amount of luster and free from brassiness, creaminess, "greenness" (a term usually referred to the immature condition of the feather commonly found in young stock), gray specks and color foreign to the variety. The comb in single-comb varieties should have five points. The pullet should weigh three and one-half pounds, the hen four pounds, the cocker four and one-half pounds and the cock bird five and one-half pounds.



White Leghorn Cockerel.

half pounds. The ear lobes are required to be white, and should more than one-third of the surface be covered with red in cockerels and pullets, same would be disqualified, but this is allowable in hens and cock birds. Feathers other than white in any part of plumage and shanks other than yellow would also disqualify the White Leghorn. Other general disqualifications are as follows: The presence of stubs, feathers or down on the shanks or between the toes, side springs, squirrel tail, etc.

COMFORTABLE FOWL IS BEST

Poultry to Do Well Should Not Be Exposed to Severe Weather in Fall and Winter.

That farm flocks are often too much exposed to the weather, and that the farmer would realize more from his poultry if he did not allow them outdoors during the fall and winter, are, without doubt, established facts, says A. C. Smith of the Minnesota experiment station. The idea often advanced that poultry can withstand any amount or degree of cold weather provided it is dry, is not borne out by experience. Poultry should not be exposed to either wind or rain in the autumn.

House the birds comfortably if you wish eggs. Keep them in the house after the ground freezes. Let them out only during the middle of the day as a rule in the fall after the frost comes. If you cannot take the trouble to get them in early in the afternoon, keep them in.

HANDLE PULLETS WITH CARE

Make All Changes Gradually and Keep Roosting Quarters Dry and Well Ventilated.

Pullets beginning to lay should be handled with exceptional care. Do not think because they have started to lay that you should confine them in their winter quarters. Make no changes on them till the weather will permit; then take plenty of time in varying the ration. Make all changes gradually. Keep the roosting quarters dry, well ventilated, but boarded up tight on the north, east and west sides. They should then have a comfortable house, and when handled by a careful person who understands the nature of the hen they should produce abundantly.

FRESH EGGS DURING WINTER

Demand Far Exceeds Supply and Prices Rule Exceedingly High—Give Hens Summer Feed.

The demand for strictly fresh eggs during the late fall and winter months far exceeds the supply, prices rule very high during that period and the breed of hens and the system of managing them that will produce a good egg yield at this time of the year is being much sought after. This can be accomplished by starting in the fall with a good laying strain of fowls and managing them in a systematic way, giving them summer conditions in feeding throughout the winter.

RIDDING SOILS OF GAPEWORM

Effective Measure Is to Plow During Winter—Freezing Weather Kills Insects.

Winter plowing is an effective method of ridding soils of the gape worm. This worm causes the so-called "gapes" in little chicks, and can only result from contaminated soil. Winter plowing throws the worms to, or near the surface, where freezing weather quickly ends their existence.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

WORMS IN HOGS ARE INJURIOUS

Infected Animals Develop Into Pot-Bellied Runts.

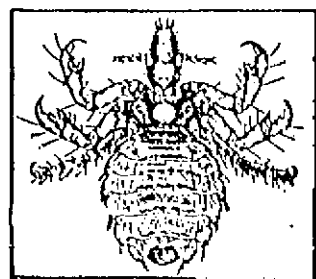
SUCH PIGS DO NOT THRIVE

Mixtures Containing Charcoal, Copperas, Etc., Are Believed to Be of Value as Preventives—Sanitizing Is Scarce.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Intestinal worms are common in hogs and are particularly injurious to growing pigs. Insufficiently fed, neglected pigs living in dirty pens and yards, fed from filthy troughs, drinking contaminated water, bathing in old hog wallows, and rooting and sleeping in manure piles and stuck bottoms soon become infested with worms. Such pigs do not thrive, but develop into pot-bellied, listless runts. Pens, should be kept clean and dry and the manure frequently removed.

Mixtures containing charcoal, copperas, etc., are believed by some to be of value as preventives and destroyers of worms, but their usefulness probably depends upon their general effect on the condition of the pig and



Male Hog Louse.

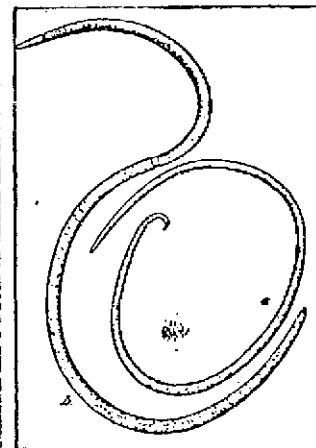
not upon their action on the worms. Other things being equal, a pig in good condition is better able to resist the attacks of worms than one that is not in good condition. Mineral mixtures may, therefore, by helping to balance the ration, tend to increase the powers of resistance to the ill effects of worms and other parasites. They should, however, be classed as tonics or conditioners rather than as worm preventives or destroyers.

Santonin, which was formerly widely used as a remedy for worms in hogs, is practically unobtainable at the present time owing to foreign trade conditions.

Effective Treatment.

The following treatment has been found to be very effective in expelling intestinal worms in experiments conducted by the zoological division of the bureau of animal industry:

Withhold all feed and water for 24 hours, then give each pig from 1 to 2 ounces of castor oil to which has been added oil of American wormseed



Common Roundworms of Hogs—a, Male; b, Female.

as follows: Pigs weighing less than 50 pounds, one-half teaspoonful; pigs weighing 50 to 100 pounds, one teaspoonful; large hogs, two teaspoonfuls. Each pig should be dosed separately if the best results are to be obtained. Castor oil should always be given with oil of American wormseed. Other laxatives are not satisfactory.

Dangerous to Drench Hogs.

Drenching hogs is dangerous, as they are liable to get the remedy into the lungs. With sufficient assistance pigs may be held, the mouth kept open by means of a couple of loops of wire or rope, or leather straps, and the medicine given in a tablespoon or a large kitchen spoon. By this method, though it is troublesome, one may be certain that each pig gets his proper dose. After dosing with the above mixture pigs may be fed and watered. Repeat the treatment in ten days.

Change Pastures Frequently.

Healthy hogs become infested with intestinal worms from feed, water and soil which have been infested by the droppings from infected hogs. Frequent change of pasture is one of the best means of reducing worm infestation to a minimum. Hogs, however, should not be allowed to run at large on open range, as this favors the spread of hog cholera.

Swine can be raised when they are confined in limited quarters if the quarters are kept clean, but they will do much better and stay in better health if they have plenty of pasture. Divide the pasture into convenient areas, so that the hogs can be shifted from one pasture to another. This not only provides fresh pasture, but affords an opportunity to disinfect the pastures by plowing and reseeded or by exposure to the sun and weather.

"Father, what is a glutton?" "A glutton is a grown man who can eat almost as much as a small boy."—Laff.

SUCCULENT FEED IN WINTER

Acres of Corn Can Be Placed in Bins at Cost Not Exceeding That of Shucking and Husking.

Sludge is the best and cheapest form in which a succulent feed can be provided for winter use. An acre of corn can be placed in the bins at a cost not exceeding that of shucking, husking, grinding and shredding. Crops can be put into the bins during weather that could not be utilized in making hay or curing fodder. There is less waste in feeding sludge than in feeding fodder. Sludge is very palatable and like other succulent feeds sludge has a beneficial effect on the digestive organs. More stock can be kept on a given area of land with sludge.

GUARD AGAINST HIGH PRICES

One of the Best Ways to Grow as Much Food on Farm as Facilities Will Permit.

One of the best ways to be insured against high prices for food is to raise as much of it on the farm as facilities will permit. Both meat and bread will be important next year. When we think of the importance of milk, pork, poultry, eggs, butter, beef, mutton and other foods derived from animals we are sure to be impressed with livestock raising.

MORE AND BETTER PASTURES

Good Results Obtained by Clipping at Ohio Station—Ripening of Weed Seeds Prevented.

More and better grasses were noticed to result from clipping pastures after harvest in a survey made by the Ohio agricultural experiment station. Trials are now being made to prevent the ripening of weed seeds, so that the grasses and clover have greater chances for growth. Where the mowing machine cannot go, a scythe may be used.

CURING AND STORING SEEDS

Soy Bean Spoils Rather Easily Unless Properly Handled—Avoid Heating and Molding.

Soy bean seed spoils rather easily if not properly handled, and care should be used in curing and storing. After threshing the beans should be watched carefully to avoid heating and molding. When good and dry there is no such danger. A good plan is to spread the beans out on the floor immediately after threshing and shovel them over from time to time until they are thoroughly dry, then they may be safely put into sacks or bins. The storeroom should be dry and have a free circulation of air. Soy bean seed loses vitality very rapidly and it is not safe to hold seed for planting purposes for more than two seasons.

ADD TO OUR MEAT SUPPLIES

Quickest and Cheapest Way Is to Increase Poultry and Egg Production—Eat Less Meat.

The quickest and cheapest way of adding to our meat supplies is to increase poultry and egg production. To double this production next year will give us 8,500,000,000 pounds of meat food in the form of poultry and eggs. By having this amount of poultry food for domestic consumption we will eat less pork and beef, and can send almost that many pounds of meat to Europe. We cannot increase any of the meat animals as rapidly or economically as poultry.

PLENTY OF SHEEP ROUGHAGE

With Supply of Red Clover or Alfalfa Hay Animals Can Be Carried Until Nearly Spring.

With plenty of roughage, such as red clover or alfalfa hay, sheep can be carried until nearly spring with little grain. Corn sludge can be used to furnish succulence, although some losses and a good deal of trouble have resulted from improper feeding of sludge.

RATS ARE QUITE EXPENSIVE

With Increased Price of Feed One Costs Eight Dollars Each Year—Better Keep Sow or Ewe.

Statistics used to tell us it cost \$5 to feed a rat for one year on the farm. With increased grain prices, it costs \$8. One can keep a profitable sow or ewe for the price of a few rats.

IMMENSE LOSS BY INSECTS

Agricultural and Horticultural Interests Suffer Big Loss Annually by Pests.

One-tenth of the agricultural and horticultural interests of the United States are destroyed annually by insects, and our greatest safeguard is the destruction of these by the wild birds. The birds are our country's greatest allies in food conservation.

Name Made No Difference.

A little miss was visiting at a home where two elderly women were stopping. One had a name easily remembered, but the other had an unusual one. Upon being presented to them, the little girl looked puzzled for a moment, but she quickly solved her difficulty by saying: "How are you, Dranma B and Dranma More?"

Looking Ahead.

Julius, with his playmate, had been given some candy by an old gentleman, and on being asked how they liked it replied: "Just fine! Will you get us some more when this is done? We're big eaters."

Charles M. Cole, PHARMACIST,

302 THAMES STREET

Two Hours North of Post Office

NEWPORT, R. I.

GET YOUR

ICE CREAM

-AT-

Koschny's

230 & 231 THAMES STREET

OR AT THE

Branch Store, in Brooklyn

Cake, Ice Cream,

CONFECTIONERY.

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS and BEST

WATER

ALL PERSONS desiring to have water delivered into their cellars or places in business, should make application to the city, 230 & 231 Thames Street, near Johnson.

Office Hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.

JOHN NORMAN, Treasurer.

ASK ANY HORSE

Eureka
Warrance
Oil

Micro
Grease

Sold by dealers everywhere

Standard Oil Co. of New York

Old Lady's Find.

Breathless with excitement during the cold weather, the old lady appeared at the window of the lost property office.

"I found something in the train," she said.

"What is it, ma'am?" inquired the clerk.

"I don't know; it's a box with handles at each end. It may be a bomb, an infernal machine. Fetch a policeman."

"Let me see it, ma'am," asked the clerk.

"Certainly not; it may be a jewel case. It is made of metal and it's very heavy. Send for the stationmaster," she said.

"Won't you let me see it?"

"No, I will not. Trying to cheat an old woman out of her reward. Send for the stationmaster and a policeman."

These two worthies having arrived, the old lady showed her find to the expectant crowd.

"Now," she said, "what is it?"

"That!" roared the stationmaster. "That thing? Why, it's a foot-warmer."

Naming Alaska.

The name Alaska is an English corruption of perversion of Alayeksa, as it was called by the aboriginal inhabitants of the Aleutian Islands, lying to the westward, observes a geographical magazine. When the Russians first came to one of the Aleutian Islands, they were told that a vast country lay to the eastward, and that its name was Alayeksa. The Aleuts called their own island Nagai Alayeksa, meaning the land lying near Alayeksa. By a process of Russianizing and Anglicizing Alayeksa became Alaska, and Nagai-Alayeksa became Unalak. The original Aleutian word Alayeksa meant "the great country," as the inhabitants of scattered islands would naturally consider a vast continental region of varied resources and beautiful scenery as Alayeksa or Alaska has since proved to be.

Cultivate Your Aspirations.

Very few people are satisfied with the work they are doing. Many of them have aspirations for something better, more congenial. If you have any natural leaning toward a higher grade of work, says Physical Culture Magazine, don't strive to put it out of your mind, but try to keep it very much in your mind. It may indicate a field for which you are especially gifted. If you have any ambitions, cultivate them. It is only those who dare to follow the guiding star of destiny by encouraging and cultivating these aspirations who ultimately move forward to their realization.

New Vegetable Wax From Ecuador.

From prehistoric times the Indians of Ecuador have utilized a wax found on certain species of tall palms for making candles, says the Scientific American. This wax occurs on the tree trunks in granular form, each tree furnishing about fifty pounds. The trees grow in great numbers on the mountains along the coast. Samples of this wax were sent to France and Germany, from which countries favorable reports and an offer of 19.5 cents a pound were received.

The True Man

By Elizabeth Schoen Cobb

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

"Going—going—gone!" The auctioneer droned out an announcement of the disposition of the last article of furniture in the house.

Back in the shadow of the vine-covered porch, all through the wretched morning hours, Anita Berdon sat, crouched back in a chair, her eyes fixed on vacancy, her face a blank of dull, golden hopelessness and despair.

"Gone!" The word struck on her senses like a sudden mallet. Gone! Father, friends, home. Coming—coming had been the cry, the sorrow that had lured up with menace, crushing force and disaster. Going—going had been all that was left of the material possessions of the little home. Gone—the climax had come!

Ever and anon one of the auctioneer's men had brought to the porch and deposited there several articles. There was her own sewing chair, an escritoire, a dainty clock. Anita wondered why they were grouped, but cared little. She had no hopes of saving anything from the wreck.

"There's a deficiency," she heard the auctioneer's clerk say.

"Yes," nodded his employer. "The stuff is old and out of style, and the bidding by no means brisk. Who is the man who bid in all that fancy stuff?"

"He gives his name as Waldron Merritt. I understand he is connected with the law firm that put the execution in process."

"Through the screen of vines Anita had noticed this man. She was neither attracted by him nor interested in him. He was ten years her senior, a serious-faced man, self-restrained in his manner and methodical in his ways. She noticed him now, coming towards the porch, and drew back distinctly as he ascended the steps and stood before her, lifting his hat courteously.

"These are yours, Miss Berdon," he said, indicating the articles that had



Scarcely Felt the Blow.

been placed on the porch from time to time. "I feared you would value these personal belongings, and—"

"You purchased them, you mean?" she interrogated quickly, almost sharply.

"Yes, I saved them from the wreck."

"I cannot accept them," she said definitely.

"Will you listen to me for a moment?" he went on, in his quiet, composed way. "I knew your father, and in the past I many times tried to influence him in business matters for his own good, but he was a headstrong man and would not heed me. The inevitable result transpired. Acting for others, our firm was compelled to wind up his affairs. The result is a deficit, but the creditors are satisfied. As to yourself, the firm wish to assist you, if you will let them."

"I thank you," she said coldly, "but I cannot accept charity from strangers."

"If I can be of assistance to you, please command me," he said. "In any event, these things shall be sent to your new home."

"Home!" she cried, flaring up in features and spirit. "I have no home, no friends, nothing but bitter, hopeless memories. The one relative I know, an aged aunt, is living on a pension, barely enough to keep her. Please leave me. I want to think—and decide."

Waldron Merritt's face expressed infinite sorrow, but he did not speak further. He bowed gravely.

"If there is no letter by the next mail," she breathed, with a vivid strain in her tone, "he has forgotten!"

He? Vane Powers. She had been introduced to the young man by her father, who had designated him as a business associate. He was young, handsome, and he came into her lonely life at a time when her soul longed for companionship. They had become engaged. For over a month his letters from a distant city had ceased. After the death of her father she had written Vane Powers, telling him that he was the only friend to whom she could appeal for sympathy and counsel.

Waldron Merritt could not get Anita Berdon out of his mind all that day.

He could not confine his thoughts to business. He did not return to his office, but strolled about the streets. His meditations were of the helpless being who so appealed to his sympathies and his emotions.

"I will do it!" he spoke aloud at length, and his lips set close as though he had formed a mighty resolution. It was not until afternoon when he turned his face towards the hotel home of Anita Berdon.

"You will forgive my intruding upon you again," he said, "but I could not get you out of my thoughts, Miss Berdon. I am a plain spoken, honest thinking man. You are homeless, in the midst of trouble. I trouble to realize how bitter and hard must be your battle with the world. Let me share your burdens. I have a competency. Become my wife."

She stared at him with unbelieving eyes.

"Say that again."

"I ask you to marry me," repeated Merritt. "We will not talk of love—that comes after respect and esteem. I cannot see you go out alone into the world, and my name will shield you and my means afford you comfort. Poor child!" and his manly tones quivered. "Wed me and go to your aunt. Rest, adjust your life to new conditions. At the end of six months, or a year, I will come to you. Then, if you are willing to become my real helpmeet, I will be glad—very glad."

He saw the tears come into her eyes, his own were humid with infinite compassion. She put out both hands towards him. His own trembled as they received them.

"You are a good man," she said simply. "I will try—try hard to learn to appreciate the nobleness, the selflessness of one who would honor a poor, soul-wearied girl, whom he takes on trust."

He obtained the address of her aunt and ordered the things on the porch sent there. There was a simple ceremony at the home of a clergyman. At once he took her to the train.

"As my wife," he said, "you will send for what money you require. You will not have to send for me twice to have me hasten to you, when you care to see me."

The weeks went by, and the only word Waldron Merritt received from the woman he had wedded was a formal, almost humble note, briefly telling that she was well and comfortable, and asking him to discontinue sending the liberal monthly allowance he insisted on transmitting to her. Anita declared that she had no need of the money, that he had originally fully provided for her.

Then Waldron Merritt made a discovery that disturbed him greatly. By mere chance he heard of the engagement of Anita to Vane Powers. His began to investigate. A dim fear and suspicion grew in his mind to mighty proportions. He made some investigation as to Powers to find that he was out of work in a certain city. Through a legal agency he had a position found for the man, some money supplied him, and then completed his sacrifice by writing to Anita.

He told her frankly that he had feared of her engagement to a younger man than himself; that her love being his, he should not stand in the way of their happiness. He indicated that it would be little trouble legally to void a marriage that had been a mere hollow form. He was coming to see her, and he named the time of his arrival, indicating that if he did not meet her he would come to the home of her aunt. He wished to arrange for legal steps necessary to their separation and to place Vane Powers more completely on his feet.

Waldron Merritt went to the town on this sad mission. It was dusk when he arrived and his mind was so occupied with thinking over all the sad vague situation that, as he took a lonely road leading toward the present home of his wife, he did not notice that he was followed. He scarcely felt the blow that a lurking footpad dealt him, but went down like a shot, and, wonder of wonder! when he opened his eyes his head was lying pillowed in the lap of a woman who was staunching the flow of blood from a wound in his face—his wife!

"Oh! what has happened?" cried Anita. "I was on my way to meet you. Let me hasten for help."

"I was attacked and have been robbed," explained Merritt. "No," as she made a movement to arise, "the wound is nothing—with you here."

He looked up into her face serenely. It bore a new expression of poise, of gentleness, of intense feeling that charmed him anew.

"Why did you write that cruel, cruel letter?" she said, after a pause. "Vane Powers, a man who deceived me, for I have learned that he married another; that it was he who led my father into the speculation which led to his ruin! I have forgotten him long since, but I despise myself when I think I ever allowed him to have an interest in my thoughts."

"Then—then," began Merritt eagerly, and the strong voice quivered.

"Oh! cannot you read in my eyes the truth?" cried Anita. "Do you deem me adamant, heartless, insensible of the homage of the truest friend I ever knew?"

Then unrestrainedly her arms enfolded him, her lips swept his brow, as she whispered thrillingly:

"My husband—oh! my husband!"

Getting to the Top.

To succeed take hold of the first thing that will lift you up and then take hold of the next thing available to lift you still a little higher. Thus you will go to the top with reasonable rapidity.

Injuries and Insults.

Injuries may be atoned for and forgiven; but insults admit of no compensation. They degrade the mind in its own esteem and force it to recover its level by revenge.—Juniata.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

USE OF WOOL IN CLOTHES LIMITED

Four and One-Half Yards Fixed as the Maximum for a Single Costume.

SKIRTS NARROW AND SHORT

American Tailors and Manufacturers of Ready-to-Wear Clothes Will Co-Operate in Campaign of Conservation.

New York.—Patriotic action is demanded of women in clothes as well as in food. There was an important meeting in New York which consolidated the co-operation of the trade with the commercial economy board, which has its headquarters in Washington. The government knew that it



This suit protects from the cold and conserves wool. The short skirt, which is of beige-colored wool, extends to the bust and is met by a deep yoke and sleeves of chiffon. The velvet coat has collar and cuffs of peltry and huge pockets made from pieces that were left from the skirt.

was useless to appeal to women to save wool in the building of their clothes, under the present commercial circumstances of clothes selling. The great majority of women buy their clothes. They do not make them at home. They buy what they can get, and they do not know the amount of material contained in a garment.

Therefore, the government made its appeal for co-operation in the conservation of wool to those who make and design women's garments. At this meeting it was resolved and rules were formulated that no man or woman in America would use over 4½ yards of wool in any costume, and less, if possible.

The response to these rules was given not only by the dressmakers, but by the manufacturers, the mill people, the ready-to-wear department stores and private dressmakers. The decision was far-reaching. It is now up to the women of America to carry out for the government a continued process of conservation in wool. It will not be a hardship. One will not have to face the chafing of denim and despair that opened up with the conservation of food. The government does not want a standardized uniform for women, such as hosts of unwise but well meaning women advisers have offered as a solution of the clothes question.

All that the women of the country are asked to do is not to make a gown that has over 4½ yards of wool in it, and it is the appeal of the government that a woman should refuse to buy from a tailor, and a retailer should refuse to buy from a manufacturer, garments that have been made in defiance of this urgent appeal.

Long Jackets to Go.

The American tailors and manufacturers of ready-to-wear clothing will cut out the long jacket for women when it is made of wool, no matter how light the weave; they will eliminate fullness in the skirt and cut it as short as decency will permit. Three and a half yards of wool is a good average measurement for the majority of women, but the government will look kindly upon these retailers and dressmakers who must deal with large and stout customers, and even here it is believed that individuality of design and a plentiful use of other materials, rather than wool, will produce a gown of charm and satisfaction.

The slim silhouette will be accepted between Hudson Bay and Palm Beach and then crosswise. The woman who cries out against a narrow skirt either because of tradition or an artistic perception of what her figure needs, need not sit in the corner and wall and gnash her teeth. All she has to do is to eliminate wool from her gown or suit to combine the governmental measure of wool with another material.

Coming, as the reform does, at the hour when spring and summer fashions are being conceived, the necessity for being careful with worsted material brings less hardship than if the

reform had been hunched last July. It is true that the great mass of people who do not live in the South and Southwest buy a vast quantity of lightweight worsted clothes for February, March and April; but they are quite willing to have the worsted enlivened by chiffon, satin, silk or georgette crepe.

If the women of this country understand what is behind the new fashions, they will enter into the spirit of conservation with as much eagerness and zealous desire to do right as they have in the saving of meat, wheat, sugar and cereals.

As History Did It.

Those men on the commercial economy board need have no fear of ostracism or rebellion against their decree. The women of other days and other countries entered into the spirit of economy in clothes with as much eagerness as they entered into the extravagance of apparel. The whole thing is in giving women an emotional idea which they are to work out to completion and success among themselves. Obedience does not appeal to them, but co-operation through persuasion sends them into a frame of endeavor.

It may be prophesied right here that there will be more novelty shown in clothes than there has been for several years or, possibly, ever before. It may not be shown by the women, but it will be expressed by the dressmakers.

One of the quick ways which has leaped into fashion for women to conserve wool for the army is the use of a short, slim separate skirt with a cutaway coat of velvet, heavily lined. Women who have such costumes declare that they will wear these skirts with corset blouses of touched silk and satin in the spring, thereby saving cotton for the government.

Hats made of worsted have already been replaced by those of satin and velvet.

Entire coat suits made of worsted have narrow blue flowers mounted on a tulle or satin foundation. The short jacket which goes with these skirts is so heavily trimmed with fur and has such a wide waistcoat of satin or mink as to make it be considered a bit ennuage.

Much Peltry Used.

One of the very smart gowns made for a bride trousseau, which used up less than 4½ yards of this woolen material, had two blue flowers across a tulle skirt with a deep hem of peltry, and a blouse of embroidered satin with wristlets of peltry, over which was a coat of the wool with wide Chinese sleeves—the only bit of extravagance—edged with peltry and lined with colored satin. There was a sailor collar of peltry and a Japanese bow of satin pulled through two loops in the back of the coat, to flare from the waistline.

There is another coat suit in which less than four yards of wool have been used. The skirt is narrow and slim and extends into a loose corset effect over the waist to the bust. Above that is a chiffon yoke with long sleeves in the same color. The cut



Woolen suit that meets decrees. The skirt has two ounces of wool laid on a silk lining which gets its depth by means of a hem of peltry. The short coat shows a waistcoat and sleeves of satin with a Japanese bow pulled oddly through buttonholes at the back, to flare out from the waist.

away top coat, which drops below the knees, is loosely hung from the shoulders and made of dull green velvet with an immense cape collar of peltry held closely about the neck with a scarf of velvet. As a bit of trickery, to show that the coat and skirt are intended to go together, odd bits of the wool that were left from the cutting of the skirt have been stretched across the hipline of the jacket in the form of loose pockets. These are brilliantly lined and held in place with a fur button.

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Pneumatic Shoulder Pads.

To aid men to carry heavy burdens on their backs an Englishman has invented pneumatic shoulder pads, the air they contain being equalized by a central reservoir.

As Oscar Williams Sees It.

You never know when you are happy till you are clear out or happy land, and then you ain't got time to be ter kick yore's for not knowin' it at de right time.—Atlanta Constitution.

Wisdom of Our Ancestors.

Tell me whether it is right or wrong; if right I will do it; if wrong I will not. But never let me hear the word expedient.—Queen Victoria.

"SERVANT" AN ABUSED WORD

President of United States, Heads of Banks, Ministers, Physicians, Are in Same Class.

It is a pity that we have allowed opportunity to attach to the good old word "servant," opprobrium utterly unmerited. Talk about "help," or the latest equivalent, "maid," used quite inappropriately, says the Youth's Companion, does not alter circumstances in the least, nor is there any reason why we should wish them altered.

Every one who is worth anything is a servant. The merchant serves his customers. If he serves them not well, they discharge him. The lawyer serves his clients, the minister his parishioners, the doctor his patients. The president of a bank is a servant, and so is the president of a railway. The president of the United States is the hired servant of the people of the United States, and few servants in any occupation are more abused by their masters.

Service, well and faithfully performed, is the only real dignity, and all the outward pomp and insignia of rank are but badges of service, and disgraceful if they are not earned.

Service is life. It is only when we are doing something to serve the large movement of the world that we are entitled to live in it, that we really do live in it. Life is measured by usefulness. Of all the varied affliction that self-centered age can bring, none is more oppressive than the sense of diminished capacity for service.

Not to be ministered unto, but to minister, not to be served, but to serve, is the utterance of the highest authority in spiritual matters. There is but one disgrace connected with service of any kind, and that is to serve ill. Let us perform whatever service falls to us, large or small, high or low, with all the zeal and all the strength that is in us. Then we shall be sure that when we depart we shall be missed, if only a little; and there is no more solid satisfaction in the world than that.

YOUNG MAN TWICE MISTAKEN

Addressed as Salesman in Hat Store and Given a Dollar Bill as Tip at Restaurant.

"I forgot to have my initials put in a new hat that I bought last week," said Mr. Blunkington, "and so passing that way today, I stopped in at the store."

"A little back from the door I saw a tall, straight, trimly attired young man standing there, hatless, looking toward the front, and to him I said, at the same time holding out my hat: 'Will you please put my initials in this hat?'"

"Well, I'd be glad to do that for you," the tall young man said, "but I am waiting here to have the initials put in my own hat." And he said this smiling, and with absolute good humor.

"Then I found a salesman who took my hat; and when I ventured to express to the tall young man my regret over having made such a mistake in first addressing him he said it was all right, and told a little story of a somewhat similar experience that had once befallen him."

"One night last winter while he was waiting in a restaurant for a friend who was to join him there, being in dress clothes at the time and standing at the moment near the door, a guest in passing, not matter how often they may meet in the course of a day. A crowded street car is full of murmured apologies from those getting on and off. The Brazilians pride themselves on having inherited the finest traditions of manners and artistic feeling from the Latin nations of southern Europe. Courteous, temperamental and courageous, the typical Brazilian is quick to resent any encroachment on his rights and slow to abandon the fight to maintain them."

Brazilians Are Courteous.

Brazilians are among the most suavely courteous and considerate people in the world. Etiquette is a matter of great formality. Acquaintances raise their hats to one another in passing, no matter how often they may meet in the course of a day. A crowded street car is full of murmured apologies from those getting on and off. The Brazilians pride themselves on having inherited the finest traditions of manners and artistic feeling from the Latin nations of southern Europe. Courteous, temperamental and courageous, the typical Brazilian is quick to resent any encroachment on his rights and slow to abandon the fight to maintain them."

Old Illustrated Book.

One of the oldest illustrated books is an edition of "Aesop's Fables," published about 1171. It has initial letters of great interest, and upward of 160 very curious wood cuts. The copies which have survived the centuries are bound in thick oak boards, covered with stamped leather. There was a book published in Florence only five years after the Aesop which had three copper-plate engravings, and one of the most remarkable features of the early illustrated works is the grace and excellent fancy of their tail-pieces and type, and the fresh look which the ink has.

Much Oil-Bearing Country.

Nearly 30 per cent of continental Canada is still undiscovered, and if Indian reports are to be believed, notes a correspondent, there is in the basin of the Mackenzie river one of the largest areas of possible oil-bearing country on the face of the earth. The Indians report the existence of lakes a hundred miles and over long in Yukon that no white man has ever seen, while even the Indians themselves apparently know nothing of the as yet untolden Mackenzie mountains.

Habits.

It is astonishingly easier to get into a bad habit than to get out of it. It is like the difference between sliding down a mountain slope and climbing up it. Therefore, when you find an undesirable habit growing on you, climb back, before you have gone down too far.—Exchange.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all questions brief and to the point. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering questions always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature. 7. Direct all communications to

Miss Edith M. TILLEY,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1918.

NOTES.

NEWPORT AND ITS STREETS

BY BENJAMIN B. HOWLAND
Manuscript was in vault of Newport Historical Society.

Time with its noiseless step is continually changing the scene. The customs and manners of one generation give place to those that succeed them. Could the men of by-gone days revisit the places where they once dwelt, how strange would all things appear to them; they would be strangers in what was once their home.

We recur in imagination to our town as it was first commenced, with a house here and there, surrounded by trees of the forest.

The southerly and westerly parts of the town fronting on the harbor, where Thames street now is, was then an almost impenetrable swamp, which at first was considered so great an obstacle to overcome, that our fathers thought of lying out the town near what is now called Easton's Beach, but the rolling waves of the broad Atlantic caused them to build around a small stream of water which passed through what is now Tanner street, and emptied into a creek which ran up from the harbor, which still finds its way through that street, and under the jail, across under Thames street and into the cove.

The dwelling of Gov. Coddington which stood on the north side of Marlboro street directly opposite the north end of Duke street, has given place to a modern building. It was built on the north side of the creek, which at that time was of considerable width. This venerable relic, which has stood so many years, with its high sharp roof, the upper story projecting in front, beyond the lower story, a specimen of the style of the olden time, is now numbered with the things that have passed away.

Mr. Bull's Memoir of Rhode Island, published a few years ago in the Rhode Island Republican, contains an engraving which gives a correct view of its appearance, as it stood a short time since. While it was being taken down, one of the standards of the railing of the front flight of stairs was saved by George Turner, Esq., and by him deposited in the northern cabinet of the Rhode Island Historical Society in Providence, which with a window sash of lead, with its small diamond shape glass, also in that cabinet, is most probably all that can be identified as once forming a part of that ancient structure, so intimately connected with many important events in the history of our town.

The dwellings of those days were sometimes two stories in front, the roof running from the pitch to the rear until it reaches the lower story and sometimes further until it nearly reaches the ground. It was the fashion then and for years after to build massive stone or brick chimneys, which took up a large portion of the house, with a kitchen fireplace of such capacities width and depth as to take in a log and fore-sticks four or five feet in length, leaving room enough in the corners for the servants and children to assemble within its ample dimensions for the purpose of warmth and rehearsing tales of Indian murders and cruelties, until their imaginations were so wrought upon that each was ready to start from their place with nervous terror at the least noise. We can in imagination see some venerable old negro in one of these chimney corners seated on a block of wood, the bark of which, worn smooth by long use, smoking his black stub of a pipe, with an audience of children, black and white, attentively listening to the wonderful stories of this aged oracle.

In the first house, that was built in what is now Middletown, on this island, its owner, James Barker, used to prepare a log of enormous length and circumference, which was so unwieldy as to render it necessary to tackle a yoke of oxen to one end, the large old kitchen having two doors directly opposite each other, one at the north, the other at the south end of the room. He used to drive the oxen in at one door, dragging the log; when it was opposite the fireplace the oxen were taken off and driven out at the opposite door. The log was rolled into the fireplace, where it served for a back log, for some days; when it was consumed the same process was gone through to replenish the fire.

The inhabitants at first were mostly engaged in farming. As they increased in numbers they ventured at first along the shores in their little vessels, visiting the neighboring settlements, and by their commercial exchanges were laying the foundation of a more extensive trade, which in about eighty years had grown to that importance and the town had so increased in size that it was deemed advisable to cause it to be surveyed and the streets named. The petition of John Hammett, the then Town Clerk and a schoolmaster, praying for a vote of the town for that purpose, reads thus: "Whereas, it is a universal and orderly custom for all towns and places throughout the world, when grown to some considerable degree of maturity, by some general order to name the streets, lanes, and alleys thereof, and this town having of late years been so prospered as to increase the number of buildings, the which is to be the admiration of the neighboring towns, so that it is the metropolitan of the said government, and also a place of considerable commerce and trade, and yet, notwithstanding, to our great reproach, persons at a distance are not capable to demonstrate when occasion requires, in what street in this town they dwell. And also, it being no small difficulty to the scriveners in obligatory writings to give such plain and ample demonstration of the bounds of lands and houses bounding on any of the streets of this town."

This petition was presented at a quarter meeting of the town held the 8th of October, 1712, and thereupon it was voted that Mr. John Mumford, surveyor, should take a draft of the town and be paid for the same out of the Town treasury, and that the Council of the town shall name the streets, lanes and alleys.

A copy of this plat, dated January 3, 1712-13, is now in the vault, in the city clerk's office, with the names of the streets thereon as named by the Town Council.

(To be continued.)

LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO RHODE ISLAND, 1781.

Last Sunday evening, arrived here from Providence, by water, the Right Hon., the Marquis De Lafayette. Upon his landing he was waited upon by the Mayor, Aldermen, and several other of the principal gentlemen of the place, who conducted him to the house of the Hon. Major-General Greene, where he lodged that night, and the next morning about 11 o'clock set out on his return to Boston; the unexpected arrival, and sudden departure of this gallant and amiable nobleman, (occasioned by previous engagements) deprived the corporation and inhabitants of the opportunity of testifying to him that respect which his merits so eminently deserved.

We hear the Marquis arrived at Providence on Monday evening, and the next day dined with the members of the Hon. General Assembly at Mr. Rice's Tavern. After dinner he set out for Boston. On his leaving the town he was saluted with 13 cannon. — [Newport Mercury, Oct. 30, 1781.]

In 1749, the clearances at the House of Commons of Newport, on foreign voyages, were one hundred and sixty, and entries of arrivals, seventy-four.

In January, 1658, the town of Portsmouth petitioned Newport to assist her in driving the wolves from the island. The record of Portsmouth, Nov. 10, 1663, state that "the island was to be driven the next fair day on account of the destruction of sheep by wolves and the vermin." Every household was required to kill twelve black-birds and to bring in their heads or pay a fine of two shillings; and for all above twelve that were killed, he should receive one shilling each.

QUERIES.

10001. ALBRO—Phebe Albro and William Rogers were married at Newport May 2, 1819. Vital Records tell me that Phebe was a widow at the time of her marriage to William. Did she have any children by her first husband and what was his first name?—J.M.K.

10005. CRANDALL—William H. Crandall, a widower, and Mary H. Moore were married in Newport July 25, 1831. Whom did William Crandall marry for his first wife?—E.L.S.

10006. FREEDOMY—Andrew Freedomy was baptized in Trinity Church May 22, 1743. Can anyone tell me who his parents were? Did Andrew Freedomy ever marry, if so, whom did he marry?—L.S.P.

10007. CARR—Who was Mary, wife of John Carr, who had a son John born April 12, 1762?—L.M.J.

10008. CODDINGTON—Who was Priscilla, wife of Thomas Coddington of Newport? What was the name of their child born in March, 1705?—K.S.S.

10009. STILES—Rev. Ezra Stiles of Newport married Miss Elizabeth Hubbard of New Haven, Conn. Who was Elizabeth before she became Mrs. Hubbard?—O.F.

10010. OXX—Samuel Oxx married Deliverance Hudson, Oct. 23, 1803. Can anyone tell me the names of any children by this union? Did Samuel Oxx have a sister Abigail who married on June 14, 1807, Gordon Dickson?—G.D.O.

10011. MINTURN—William Minturn of Newport died in New York Aug. 23, 1779. Was he married when he died and did any children survive him?—F.H.J.

Probate Court of the Town of New

Shelburne, R. I., Jan. 12, 1918.

Estate of John Kincaid.

REQUEST in writing is made by Mrs. Mary Sprague (nearest friend of John Kincaid, late of said New Shoreham, deceased) intestate, that Elizabeth J. Sprague, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased, and said request is received and read to the fourth day of February, at 2 o'clock P. M., the Probate Court, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

EDWARD P. CHAMBERS, Clerk.

Origin of Moon in Doubt.

Many theories of the origin of the moon have been advanced, but all seem to present some difficulties. Our satellite furnishes us many unsolved problems. A belief in the meteoric origin of the moon is now quite general. According to this belief the earth was surrounded in the early stages of its existence by a ring of incandescent matter. The material forming the ring gradually gathered into one mass, our present moon, whose pitted face gives evidence of the bombardment it received from meteoric masses within the ring. According to this theory our satellite has always been a dead world, a cold and lifeless mass of meteoric rock. It has never felt the pulse of life or undergone the mighty changes that have passed over its ruling planet. It has remained a cold and silent witness to vast evolutionary processes going on upon a neighboring world such as it could never experience for itself.

Beware of Closed Mind.

Beware of the closed mind. This sounds like a paradox when addressed to young men, yet it will, I think, bear examination. It is a truism to say that the danger of maturity, and especially of age, is the closing of the mind to new ideas. Habit, most powerful of influences, hard experience the very passage of the years, all alike tend to stiffen the muscles and to harden the arteries of the mind as they do those of the body. It is a misfortune with which advancing age must struggle, and the effort is severe and too often either neglected or fruitless. — Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

1918
Welcome! Happy New Year!

As we look back over the past year, there's many a thing that we see that went wrong, that didn't please you as we wished it might, and we wonder if there will ever come a New Year's day that will not bring with it these little regrets of past performances that didn't measure up.

We'll try—earnestly and conscientiously—to meet you on your own grounds, to make your way our way. We want this store to be your store in every sense. We can make it so, if you will help. Let's get together—form a little partnership. 'Twill be a wonderfully good paying investment for you.

Service and Satisfaction

A. C. TITUS CO. 225-229 Thames St.,
Newport, R. I.

You Can SAVE COAL

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Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Newport, R. I., October 25th, A. D. 1917.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 739 issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 11th day of September, A. D. 1917, and returnable to the said Court December 11th, A. D. 1917, upon a Judgment rendered by said Court on the seventh day of September, A. D. 1917, in favor of R. C. Waterman Co., corporation, duly created by law and doing business in the City of New Haven, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, plaintiff, and against Jeremiah W. Horton, of the City of Newport, in said County, doing business under the name of J. W. Horton & Company, defendant, I have this day at 11 o'clock P. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ) in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:—North part by lands of the Young Men's Christian Association and partly by lands of William H. Sherman, deceased, East by lands formerly of Charles E. Hammett, deceased, South by other said lands formerly of said Charles E. Hammett, East again by other said lands formerly of said Charles E. Hammett, South by Church Street, and West by lands of Harry Aaron and Annie H. Aaron, be all of the said measurements more or less, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND
Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held at the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 28th day of January, A. D. 1918, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the satisfaction of said execution debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale,

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

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Newport, R. I., October 25th, A. D. 1917.

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Deputy Sheriff.

SIMON KOSCHNY

Manufacturing Confectioner

232 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders PROMPTLY

Attended to. TELEPHONE CONNECTION

Sheriff's Sale.

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FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

Youth Surely Has Appetite.

A father in New York has been ordered to pay \$7 a week for a boy whose appetite is so ravenous that he eats as much as three average adults.



WINTER SHOES

Medium and Heavy Weight
Shoes for appropriate styles
for men, women and children.

RUBBER Footwear

of every kind in all sizes

MEN'S HEAVY WORK SHOES.

Black or Tan Grain

SPECIAL---\$4.00 a pair

HEADQUARTERS for MILITARY FOOTWEAR

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.

214 Thames Street.

Tel. 787

WE STILL SELL

Garden Seeds

OF ALL KINDS.

FLOUR,

GRAIN,

ETC.

Mackenzie & Winslow

[INCORPORATED]

162 Broadway Newport.

Formerly Occupied By H. L. Marsh & Co.

Newport & Providence

Street Ry Co.

SEPTEMBER 16, 1917

Cars Leave Washington

Square for Providence

WEEKDAYS 7.40, 8.50 a. m., then each hour to 5.50 p. m.

SUNDAYS 8.50 a. m., then each hour to 7.50 p. m.

Commonwealth Hotel

[Incorporated]

Opposite State House, BOSTON, MASS.

"Meet me at Barney's."

Get a few new

RECORDS

for your

VICTROLA

at

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE

NOTICE

Consumers are warned

to conserve water. Premises where fixtures are run to prevent freezing will be shut off without further notice.

If there is danger of your pipe or fixtures freezing shut your stop and waste cock at the cellar wall.

NEWPORT WATER

WORKS

January 3, 1918.

Wickford Line

STEAMER GENERAL

SERVICE TEMPORARILY

SUSPENDED

New England Steamship Co.

Jan. 12, 1918.

Mrs. Sarah C. Fryer, who died on Thursday from diseases incident to advanced age, was the wife of Mr. Peleg Fryer, and was the oldest member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. She is survived by her husband, three daughters, and two sons.